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OCTOBER 6, 1970

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NATIONAL REVIEW

October Revolution in Chile?

SELDEN RODMAN

GULP: There Goes U. Cal. La Jolla

by JEFFREY HART

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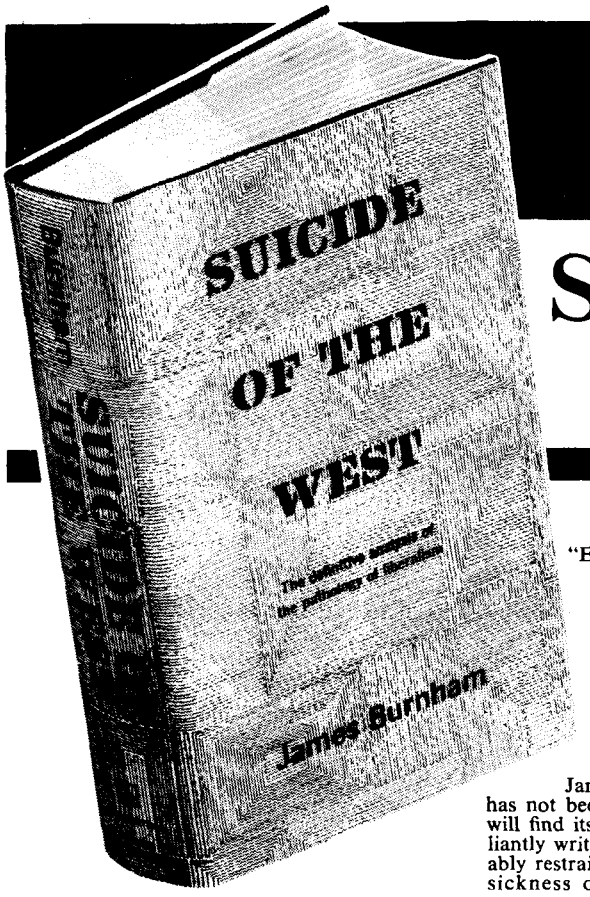

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Significant and/or interesting political developments of the week: *Los Angeles Times'* unexpected endorsement of **Ronald Reagan** over **Jess Unruh** "as clearly the better qualified to guide [California] through the four difficult years ahead." . . . *Detroit News* poll shows **Lenore Romney** way way back of Sen. **Phil Hart** at this moment. He got 60 per cent of vote against her 23 per cent. Part of trouble is intra-party bitterness coming out of Lenore's primary campaign against conservative **Robert Huber**. . . . Situation in Washington all mixed up. As result of primary, Democratic hawk **Henry Jackson** will be facing Republican dove **Charles Elicker** in November. Elicker has come out against Safeguard, other Administration defense measures that Jackson has helped push through Congress. . . . New York ADA has made its choice: it's **Richard Ottinger** over **Charles Goodell** for senator, but Goodell, the Republican, got half as many votes as Ottinger. . . . Very liberal N.Y. GOP congressman **Ogden Reid** (Westchester) says he is running an "independent" campaign this year, which means, in fact, that he's not supporting Goodell. Reasons (since they are ideologically simpatico) could be a) that Reid hoped he would have been appointed to the Senate seat Goodell now occupies and b) the smell of defeat about the Goodell enterprise. . . . Goodell, incidentally, is the ranking Republican on just-released ADA rating of the 91st Congress. He got 95 per cent score; tied for second (among Republicans), **Edward Brooke** and **Clifford Case** (90); for third, **Charles Mathias** and **Mark Hatfield** (80), and, running a poor fourth, New York's other senator, **Jacob Javits** (75). . . . Connecticut's AFL-CIO council overriding its executive committee which had decided against any endorsement this year, has voted to back Democrat **Joseph Duffey**—a blow to campaign hopes of independent incumbent Sen. **Dodd.**

■ Latest group to weigh in with rating of congressional performance, the American Security Council which has published what it calls its "national security index," i.e., how congressmen voted on defense questions. Of the thirteen senators running this year it gives seven a 100 per cent rating: Democrats **Thomas Dodd** (Conn.) and **John Stennis** (Miss.), and Republicans **Paul Fannin** (Ariz.), **Hiram Fong** (Hawaii), **Roman Hruska**

Peterson, *Vancouver Sun*, Canada
Ben Roth Agency

"Halt! Who goes there? Friend or Israeli . . . or Palestinian Guerrilla . . . or Iraqui . . . or Syrian . . . or . . .?"

(Neb.), **George Murphy** (Cal.), **Hugh Scott** (Pa.), and six zero: **Charles Goodell,** the only Republican, and Democrats **Philip Hart** (D. Mich.), **Edward Kennedy** (Mass.), **William Proxmire** (Wis.), **Harrison Williams** (N.J.), **Joseph Tydings** (Md.).

■ Sign of strength: **King Hussein's** announcement that he was putting price of $11,000 on head Dr. **George Habash,** head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine who was, at time of head-price-setting, in either North Korea or Peking. . . . Almost victim of the Hussein-fedayeen fighting: **Faris Glubb,** son of **Sir John Glubb,** the British officer who built the Arab Legion into the finest fighting unit in the Middle East. Young Glubb, a CBS employee, was grabbed with others of a TV crew during the early fighting by a far-out guerrilla group, blindfolded and lined up to be shot when another guerrilla group drove up and rescued them. Crime? They were British and American. . . . Fighting may interfere with invitation by guerrilla leader **Yasser Arafat** to **Fidel Castro** to visit Jordan so that we "may benefit from your experience in the revolutionary field." . . . Might also stand in way of projected trip of **Chou En-lai** to South Yemen, where he was to meet with Arab guerrilla leaders. . . . Soviet authorities have warned the **Bolshoi Ballet** that if one more dancer defects (the latest was ballerina **Natalia Makarova**, who went on a shopping spree in London and never returned) the Bolshoi will be severely disciplined: it won't be allowed out of the country for eighteen months.

■ Yippies are planning "100,000 man-strong" disruption of the **Carl McIntyre** rally in Washington Oct. 3, at which **Marshal Ky** will speak, according to leader **Judy Gumbo** (well that's what she calls herself). She says Yippies have declared the event a "free fire zone" and that **Chicago Seven** convictees **Jerry Rubin** and **Abbie Hoffman** support the counter-demonstration. . . . Another Chicago Seven defendant, **John Froines** (who was found innocent) has left U. of Oregon, under pressure he says, and is headed for New Haven where he plans to set up an "anti-imperialist center." . . . Back at Berkeley, six years later, former Free Speech leader **Mario Savio.** Savio, refused readmission in 1966, presumably has promised authorities he'll behave this time around. He'll be a junior.

■ Women's Liberation Note from most recent *Militant: National Geographic* is guilty of male chauvinism (it pictures bare-breasted ladies) *and* racism (the b-b ladies are invariably dusky in hue).

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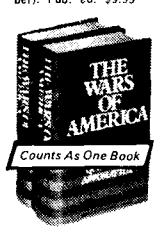

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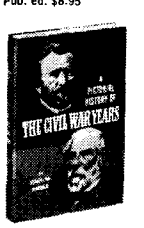

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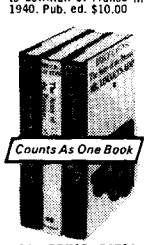

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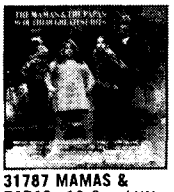

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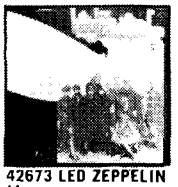

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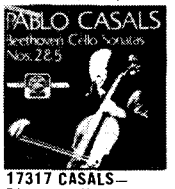

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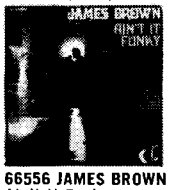

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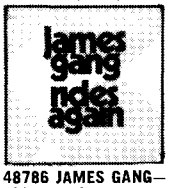

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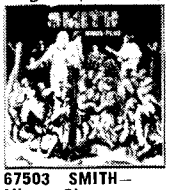

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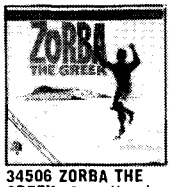

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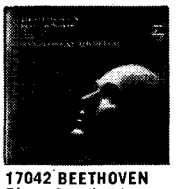

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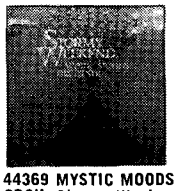

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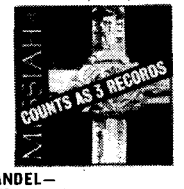

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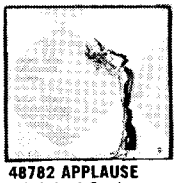
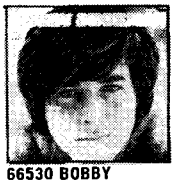


48782 APPLAUSE
—Original Cast
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS



66530 BOBBY SHERMAN
Metro LP

WOODSTOCK

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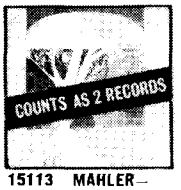
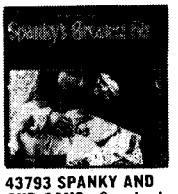
42745 WOODSTOCK—
Soundtrack (3 records)
Cotil LP

33443 IRON BUTTERFLY—In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS

66671 RARE EARTH
—Ecology
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



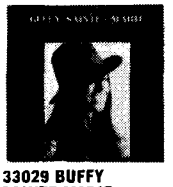
15113 MAHLER—
Sym #3 Utah Sym
Vangu LP (2 records)



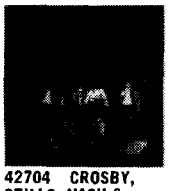
43793 SPANKY AND OUR GANG—Greatest Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS

30609 SUPREMES—
Right On
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS

43852 JOE—
Soundtrack
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



33029 BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE
—Gonna Be A Country Girl Again
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42704 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS

65775 VERY BEST OF LOVIN' SPOONFUL
KamSu LP

31973 JOHN COLTRANE
—Selflessness
Impul LP

30601 DIANA ROSS & THE SUPREMES—
Greatest Hits 3
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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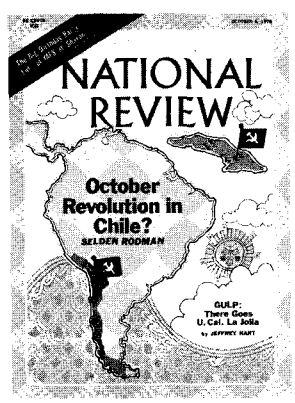
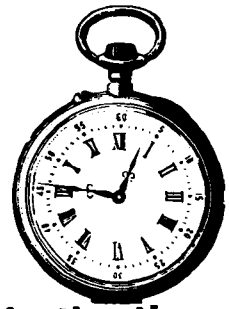
IN THIS ISSUE

■ **Selden Rodman** files an on-the-scene analysis of the complex political situation in Chile, the first country in Latin America to vote a Marxist president into office. This is the first of three reports. Mr. Rodman will write from Peru and Bolivia in coming issues. Mr. Rodman, poet, art critic and historian, has written ten books on Latin America of which the latest, *South America of the Poets,* will be published in October. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** is senior editor of *NR,* professor of English at Dartmouth, contributor to learned journals, and author of three books. And he is now at work on three more: one a study of eighteenth-century poetry, another a collection of essays on modern writers, and the third a major analysis of the career of Richard Nixon, for whom Professor Hart has worked as consultant. On October 6, Mr. Hart will begin a thrice-weekly newspaper column for King Features. His column will comment on a broad range of political and educational issues. . . . Five hundred members of Young Americans for Freedom recently traveled to Sharon, Connecticut, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their group and to draw up plans for the second decade. **C. S. Horn** was on hand to report on the proceedings. . . . **Priscilla Buckley** tells us about an organization called SOME. We predict that after you read her piece you'll be setting up your own chapter. . . . **James Burnham** looks beyond the daily headlines and analyzes some of the motivations behind the current fighting in the Middle East. He concludes that, contrary to surface impressions, Israel's long-range goals might best be attained by the fedayeen takeover of Hussein's Jordan.



■ **Harry V. Jaffa,** the eminent scholar and political scientist, is the author of numerous articles and books, among them *Thomism and Aristotelianism, Crisis of the House Divided,* and *Equality and Liberty.* His classic essay, "On the Nature of Civil and Religious Liberty," was recently republished in Wm. F. Buckley's anthology of conservative thought, *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* . . . **George Fielding Eliot,** the distinguished military historian, discusses the new biography of Field Marshal Montgomery. . . . **Selden Rodman** reappears with a review of three on Latin America. . . . **David Keene** is the University of Wisconsin law student who became national chairman of Young Americans for Freedom in 1969 and engineered the first coherent and sustained campus counter-offensive against the New Left. In this issue, Mr. Keene scolds an overly enthusiastic libertarian. . . . **Geoffrey Wagner,** associate professor of English at the City College of New York, tells us how Socrates would have reacted to pop art.



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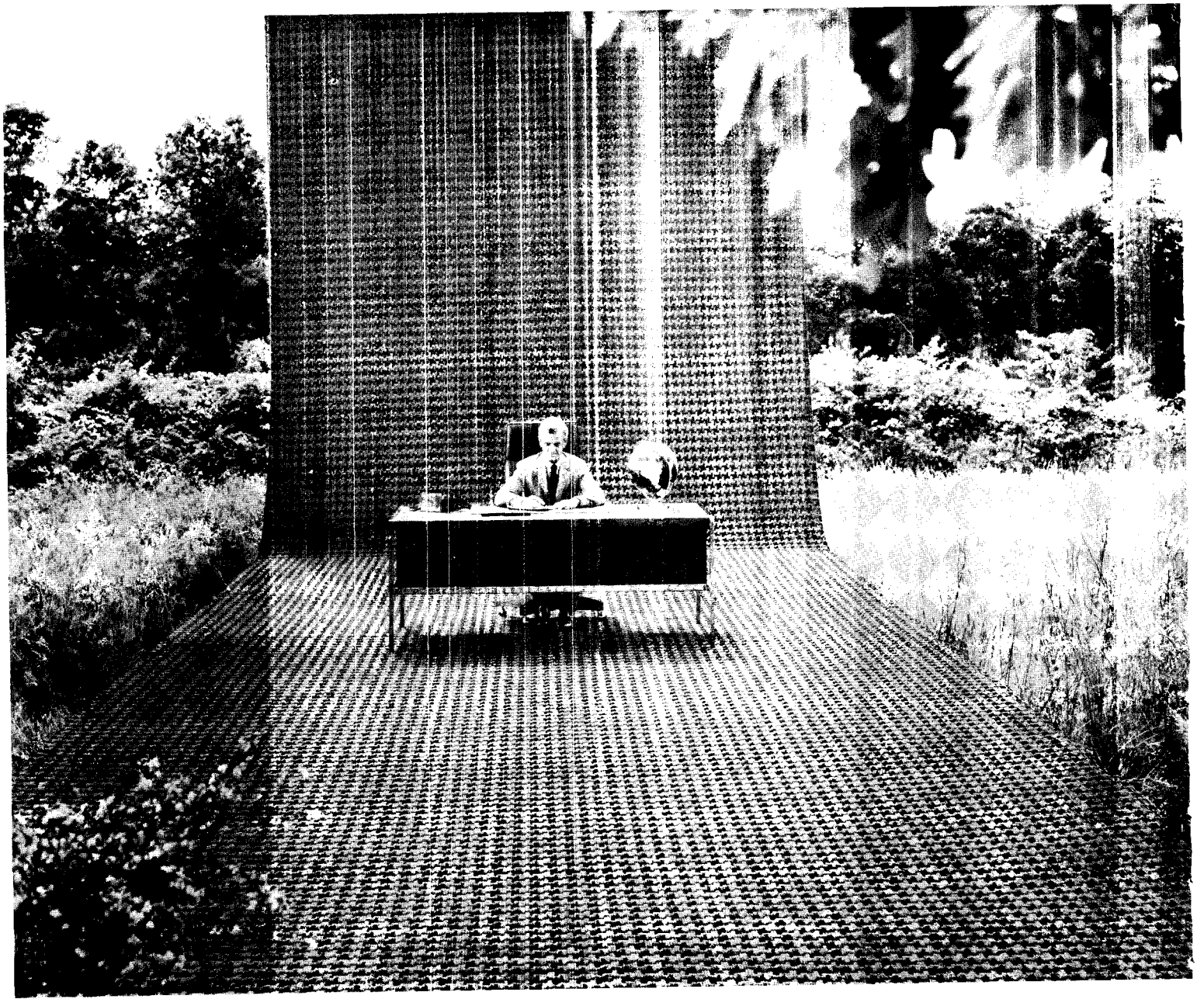

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LETTERS

The Cooper-Church Amendment

I am a constant reader of the column "On the Right," sometimes with amusement but always with a belief in the sincerity with which you [WFB] publicize your views, regardless of how much I may disagree with them. Since I am convinced that you would not deliberately mislead your reading public, I am writing in connection with your column "Cooper-Church *v.* Myers."

In that column, you quote Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, and his reference [*NR*, July 14, 1970] to the 1926 decision by the United States Supreme Court in Myers *v.* United States, to support his belief and yours that "the Cooper-Church Amendment must be regarded as unconstitutional." In this particular instance, Mr. Williams relies on a decision which deals with the power of a President as the head of the Executive Branch of our government to remove a postal employee to support Mr. Williams' belief and obviously yours that the President's power as commander in chief can be invoked to destroy the exclusive constitutional power of the Congress to declare and wage war.

It would have been far more pertinent had Mr. Williams referred you to the United States Supreme Court decision in Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. *v.* Sawyer 343 U.S. 579, decided in 1952, 29 years after Myers, a decision which dealt specifically with the constitutional powers of President Truman in the Korean conflict. That decision was the subject of my letter to the *New York Law Journal* which was published on June 12, 1970, a copy of which is enclosed. I commend that decision to your careful attention and particularly the following paragraph by Mr. Justice Jackson:

> *Nothing in our Constitution is plainer than that declaration of war is entrusted only to Congress.* Of course a state of war may in fact exist without a formal declaration. *But no doctrine that the Court could promulgate would seem to me more sinister and alarming than that a President whose conduct of foreign affairs is so largely uncontrolled, and often even is unknown, can vastly enlarge his mastery over the internal affairs of the country by his own commitment of the Nation's armed forces to some foreign venture. . . .*

If you will examine the newspapers of that period, you will discover that the Sawyer decision was widely hailed by the strict constructionists of that day or, more exactly, the William F. Buckleys of that

(Continues on page 1069)

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THE WEEK

■ Did you know that there is an *International Dictionary of Thoughts*? Well, there is, and leafing through it the other day we discovered an entry under Lindsay, John Vliet, which, except for its inclusion in the *International Dictionary of Thoughts,* has heretofore been insufficiently honored as representing the special eloquence, the special quality of thought, of the Mayor of New York. It reads: "Not only is New York City the nation's melting pot, it is also the casserole, the chafing dish, and the charcoal grill." So help us God.

■ The campaign of James L. Buckley in New York State continues to pick up steam. There are rumors of polls that show Richard Ottinger and James Buckley running neck and neck, with the incumbent, Charles Goodell, trailing. Where is the Administration in all this? Aldo Beckman, White House correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune,* reported on September 19: "The announcement of the meeting on the White House schedule looked innocent enough. '10:30—Meeting with William Buckley,' said the President's schedule one day this week. But secret strategy sessions were held between President Nixon and his top political lieutenants before that session with the conservative columnist and commentator was scheduled. It was finally decided that Nixon should call in Buckley and give the tacit Presidential blessing to the candidacy of Buckley's brother, James, who is running on the Conservative ticket in New York for the United States Senate. . . . To endorse a candidate against the regular Republican was, the President believed, unthinkable. But his final decision to send the endorsement through the Senate candidate's brother came when Nixon received the results of a private, confidential poll he ordered to determine the strength of the three New York senatorial candidates . . . White House political tacticians, studying the poll results, concluded that if Buckley, with his unexpected strength in New York City, could get enough campaign funds to saturate upstate New York with television ads, he could win the election." Reached at his offices in NATIONAL REVIEW and asked about the *Chicago Tribune* story, William Buckley replied that he does not know Mr. Beckman of the *Chicago Tribune,* and that it is up to the White House to confirm or deny the story. "If you people at NATIONAL REVIEW want to quote the *Tribune* story," said Editor Buckley, "there isn't a hell of a lot I can do about it, except fire you."

■ "Any worker who fails to become a member of Union within the time limit set forth herein, or who fails to pay the required initiation fees, periodic dues or regularly authorized assessments as prescribed by Union shall be immediately discharged upon written notice from Union to Company." Thus reads a section of the contract which is being signed in California by growers and César Chavez's union. The grape workers, most of whom did not belong to the union and have not been consulted, now have no choice. Since they are not covered by Taft-Hartley, they can hold no elections and receive no protection whatever under federal laws. So it's join and pay, or starve. "Like slave-traders and plantation owners," writes James Jackson Kilpatrick, "Chavez and the growers are buying and selling human beings."

■ The quarterly *Foreign Affairs* is the most influential journal in its field; it is published by the Council on Foreign Relations, the most influential non-governmental organization. The leadoff article in its October issue, on "The Future of Cambodia," was written on invitation of the editor, Hamilton Fish Armstrong, by Prince (as he is listed in the index) Norodom Sihanouk. Why? Do the principles of free speech and free press require that our primary forum in such a matter should be opened to an avowed present enemy, an active leader in military action against us and our allies, for the purpose of a propaganda operation based on known falsehoods designed—doubtless by brighter men than Sihanouk—to our injury and defeat?

■ According to a poll of national Democratic leaders, what we've all suspected for a couple of years now has been made official: many Democrats like John Lindsay as a potential Presidential candidate. "What a beautiful hunk of political flesh," said one. "If the mayor becomes a Democrat," said New York State Chairman Hugh Burns, "he would suddenly become one of the most important Democrats in the country." He'd better hurry, though. Massachusetts Democrat Chairman David E. Harrison agrees that "Lindsay definitely appeals to the liberal element of the Democrat Party." But it's an election year, and Lindsay has remained curiously silent about whom he supports. "I think that if he's going to run as a Democrat he'd have to give open help to candidates running as Democrats in New York State this year," added Harrison. "He can't remain a Republican and expect to get Democrats' support unless he makes a switch within the next two months." He'd better get a move on. No one wants him to lose his chance. Especially Republicans.

■ "The one thing Arabs and Israelis have in common is that they do not much care if the world explodes over

Maryland, My Maryland

Will Joseph Tydings bite the dust
And be panned in Maryland?
I think he's heading for a just
Reprimand in Maryland.
If, come November, he goes bust
(Gun-lovers tell me it's a *must*)
It's only fitting he be bussed—
When he's canned—from Maryland.

W. H. VON DREELE

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them, so long as when the nuclear dust clears, they come out of it all right." Editorial in the British periodical, the *Economist*.

■ Over Damascus radio a guerrilla spokesman protested the presence of armed guards on Israel's El Al airline flights as "a gross violation of international law." The spokesman complained that this "outrageous Israeli violation" had caused the unwarrantable failure of a guerrilla attempt to hijack an El Al jetliner near London on September 7. There does seem to be an insight there somewhere.

■ When he last addressed a joint session of Congress, Frank Borman was able to report "an American success and a human triumph," the story of Apollo 8's moon mission. This time he told the Congress, "I can only report American anguish and human tragedy." He had just returned from a 25-day mission to 25 countries on behalf of 1,500 American prisoners of war in Southeast Asia. Twenty-five countries, in none of which he was able to contact a representative of the Vietcong or of the North Vietnamese. But in 25 countries he carried the message of North Vietnamese barbarism toward its captives. And that might hurt enough to help.

■ The Third World hates America, huh? Because we oppress its miserable people with our arrogant imperialism, right? Then, how come the list of foreigners coming into this country is now headed by such countries as Mexico, Greece, the Philippines, Cuba and Jamaica? And moving up noticeably in the stretch are the smaller African and Asian nations. And there are waiting lists five years long from practically all nations. America, it seems, is the odds-on favorite with the citizens of the world who are sick of being tired, poor, huddled masses yearning to be free.

■ For one thin dime (slightly more from out of town), you can bring the revolution right into your homes. New York's Museum of Modern Art has set up a dial-a-radical service consisting of six hundred tapes by such types as Eldridge Cleaver and Bernardine Dohrn. So if your kids yearn to learn to make bombs and seek for feasons to throw them at things, just have them dial 212-956-7032. But don't you worriers who wouldn't want your daughter to become a Weatherwoman fret too much. Given the condition of New York's phone service, she probably won't get through until she's old enough to know better.

■ Headlines in New York's two morning dailies, Monday September 14:

SPY NOEL FIELD DIES AT AGE 67—*Daily News*

NOEL FIELD, SELF-EXILED FORMER U.S. AIDE, IS DEAD —*N.Y. Times*

■ The pastor of the All Souls Unitarian Church ventured his opinion, in the letters column of a Midwestern paper, that abortions are an OK thing, because "I would define a human being as a biological potential plus the beginning of acculturation." Very promptly came a reply saying that that was very nice, and perhaps the gentleman would rather be the pastor of the "Some Souls Unitarian Church"? Whereupon the debate ended, abruptly.

■ *Voices of Moderation.* "Every senator in this chamber is partly responsible for sending fifty thousand Americans to an early grave, and in one sense this chamber literally reeks of blood. Every senator here is partly responsible for that human wreckage at Walter Reed and all across this land—young boys without legs, without arms, or genitals, or faces, or hopes." Senator George McGovern, speaking from the Senate floor just before the thumping defeat of the Hatfield-McGovern amendment to bug out of Vietnam.

■ Campus counterrevolution marches on. Now University Professors for Academic Order has been founded, "to advance the legitimate ideals of the University within the framework of the constitutional and ethical values upon which our government and social order have been founded." Organizers hope to build UPAO into a centralized "policy-making and rule-enforcing" body that will serve the interests of the academic community better than the ineffectual American Association of University Professors. UPAO is already active on 102 campuses; a national organizing meeting is planned for January 30-31, 1971. For details, write UPAO, 3216 New Mexico Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016.

■ *Calling Women's Lib, Hanoi Chapter:* According to a Reuters dispatch from Phnom Penh, "the Vietcong are using naked women on the battlefield in an attempt to lure government soldiers to their death." How about it, girls? All together now: "Dirty oppressive sexist women-exploiting male-chauvinist pig Vietcong."

■ For paralepsis collectors: "I hesitate to draw parallels between what one saw in Nazi Germany and what we now see here. The Third Reich, after all, was a totalitarian dictatorship. We are a democracy. Nevertheless . . ."—William L. Shirer, letter to the *Washington Post*.

Dilemmas in the Desert

In relation to the Jordanian civil war, as to the skyjacking affair, the President could not hope to choose better than the least of multiple evils, and the best choice is evil enough. The overthrow of King Hussein by the Palestinian Maoists would be calamitous for American and Western interests in the Mideast, perhaps a catastrophe. Support of Hussein, at least to the extent required to secure his political survival, would therefore seem mandatory. But overt, unilateral military support from the United States would seem likely to make a very bad situation still worse. Even from a narrowly military point of view, it is hard to see how American units could intervene successfully unless sent in massive numbers.

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P.S. GIFTS WELCOMED

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Any open intervention would bring quick and painful consequences: a solidifying of virtually all Arab opinion against America as the ideally opportune enemy; probable economic sanctions against American and other Western interests in the region; possible parallel intervention of Soviet elements, and stepped-up Soviet support of Arab military forces; some risk—at least, if confusion got out of hand—of general war; plenty of domestic trouble in the United States.

Given the odds, the President has (up to the time we write) followed what is probably the most prudent course in keeping his powder dry while actively preparing against the possibility of having, finally, to use it, and meanwhile putting on a variety of political and diplomatic pressures. With enough luck, the tough and courageous Hussein, last kingly descendant of Mohammed, will come through once more, and the Mideast condition will continue, from the American point of view, terribly but not wholly and irretrievably hopeless. The fact that the UAR-Israeli-Jordan ceasefire has been maintained through the fierce civil struggle in Jordan, as through the skyjacking aftermath, suggests that support for it is both deeper and wider than one would have guessed at its start.

Though the President has been prudent in foregoing overt, unilateral military support of Hussein, this would not exclude some indirect, less public aid, in money, arms and even some men. We wonder, also, why the President has not sought to bring the NATO appliance actively and openly into play. Defense of the Mediterranean, which is an indispensable part of the defense of Western Europe, is a responsibility of NATO, not merely of the United States. It would be refreshing to observe a unified NATO front bringing its influence, perhaps even its military power, to bear on the riven Mideast. It would sit more comfortably in the craw than the apparent effort at joint action with that other superpower, the threat from which brought NATO into being.

Commissionology

For the last three or four weeks warnings have been reaching the White House that the report of the Scranton commission on campus unrest would be a disaster: it would exonerate the disruptive students and attribute their behavior to idealism; and it would come down hard on Agnew, Reagan and Nixon himself for being provocative. Mr. Scranton, incredibly enough, allowed as he would not hesitate to call for a Vietnam pullout, if that would placate the students; whereupon John Erlichman, Nixon's coordinator for domestic affairs, worriedly "hoped" that the commission would not get carried away and start trying to make foreign policy.

President Nixon's address at Kansas State University, accordingly, was more than the unexceptionable plea for civility it seemed on the surface. It was also a well-aimed torpedo launched in the direction of the Scranton commission. A second such missile was the President's letter to some nine hundred college administrators and trustees enclosing an article by Sidney Hook, who placed the blame for disruption squarely on administrators who cave in before the militants. Mr. Hook's article, Nixon pointedly observed, was one of the "most cogent and compelling documents I have read on the question of campus violence." The Administration also stimulated a substantial amount of expert testimony before the commission regarding the realities of the campus situation.

On Capitol Hill a number of congressmen growled in anticipation of the commission's report. It would, said Colorado's Senator Gordon Allott, for example, be a "flaccid whitewash of the violent New Left political movement that is openly seeking to capture or destroy our great universities." The hope was that these combined pressures would modify the final report so that it would bear some resemblance to reality; or, if the report in fact proved to be an intellectual and political embarrassment, the Administration at least would possess the somewhat odd advantage of having disavowed its own commission.

How To Be a Terrorist in Ten Easy Lessons

The charge of conspiracy has often been made to justify a case of galloping paranoia. But as Richard Nixon pointed out in his recent Kansas State University speech, dictionary definitions of conspiracy to the side, it is a plain fact that a concerted campaign of terror is being carried on today against people in positions of authority. This does not mean that whiskery conspirators huddle in some damp cellar directing each specific attack on a specific individual. But it does mean that small decentralized groups sharing common revolutionary ideology, common revolutionary goals and common tactics are waging guerrilla warfare in our cities.

Readily available, guerrilla warfare manuals provide the most popular reading matter among New Left radical groups. One of the most comprehensive of these—analyzed in the September 14 issue of the American Security Council's *Washington Report*—is entitled *Minimanual of the Urban Guerrilla*, by Carlos Marighella, a Latin revolutionary killed in 1969. The parallels between the doctrine set forth and the facts we cull daily from our newspapers are striking.

From the *Minimanual*: "The dynamics of urban guerrilla warfare lies in the urban guerrilla's violent clash with the military and police forces of the dictatorship . . . the urban guerrilla, although weaker, is nevertheless the attacker."

—Item: In Berkeley, on August 20, Patrolman Robert Tsukamoto was shot in the back of the head while writing a traffic ticket.

—Item: "A man walks into the guardhouse of a city park and pumps five bullets into a police sergeant sitting quietly at his desk" (Richard Nixon at Kansas State University).

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Commission on Commissions

Washington, D.C., August 25—President Nixon today announced formation of a special Presidential Commission on Commissions to investigate the extent of national unrest caused by reports, studies and findings issued by Presidential commissions.

White House announcement of the new Commission follows publication of a special Presidential task force survey indicating that a significant number of Americans believe such findings to be one of the major causes of student, black, and/or hard-hat violence/unrest/dissent in recent years.

Administration spokesmen pointed out that the new Commission will operate independently from the Commission on Commission Unrest, formed last month to look into the reasons for individual commissioner dissatisfaction with Commission reports. It will, however, work closely with the Commission on Standards for Appointment of Presidential Commissioners, named recently to study causes of Presidential dissatisfaction with the same reports.

Noting that the new Commission on Commissions will be concerned solely with problems posed by commission reports, spokesmen again stressed that the President will make no final decision regarding recommendations that a commission be named to look into similar problems presented by task forces. Such action, they said, will await the conclusion of hearings by a special mobile Study Group on the Proliferation of Task Forces and Study Groups, last reported in session three miles south of Passaic, N.J. in December 1967.

In other developments, the special Subcommission of the two-hundredth National Anniversary Commission released its long-awaited sixth and final preliminary report on the Causes of the French and Indian War, deciding by a split 5-2 decision, with one abstention, that neither the French nor the Indians were at fault. The White House expressed relief.

VICTOR GOLD

From the *Minimanual*: "Ambushes are attacks typified by surprise. A false message can bring the enemy to the spot where he falls into the trap."

—Item: "A police patrolman [in Omaha] responds to an anonymous emergency call that reported a woman screaming. He arrives at the address. He finds the house deserted. A suitcase is left behind. He bends over to examine it. It explodes, blows off his head, wounds seven others" (Richard Nixon at Kansas State University).

From the *Minimanual*: "The liberation of prisoners is an armed operation designed to free the jailed urban guerrilla."

—Item: "A courtroom spectator [in San Rafael, Calif.] pulls out a gun. He halts the trial, gives arms to the defendants, takes the judge and four other hostages, moves to a waiting getaway van, and in the gunfight that follows four die, including the judge" (Richard Nixon at Kansas State University).

Terrorism by the book, and as the President points out, the incidents are not taking place in some obscure banana republic: "These acts of viciousness all took place not in some other country [but] in the United States, and in the last five weeks."

The Breeze That Whispered Louise

By winning the Democratic nomination in Boston's Ninth Congressional District, Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, that swashbuckling opponent of busing, consolidated schools and rent control, has assured herself of filling the seat vacated after 42 years by House Speaker John McCormack. Elections in the district—that includes South Boston, Roxbury and parts of Dorchester—are a mere Democratic formality. Opposed by her South Boston neighbor, State Senator Joseph Moakley, and black Roxbury's David Nelson, Mrs. Hicks failed to win a clear majority. Nevertheless the figures are deceptive. Faced with either Moakley or Nelson alone, she would have won hands-down. Her election was inevitable. To make an Irish bull, she would have won even if she had been unopposed.

Nelson, a Catholic-educated Negro campaigning as a liberal, attacked Mrs. Hicks frontally and carried the inevitable black wards. Rather than vote for Moakley most of the blacks would have stayed away from the polls. The more astute Moakley confined his efforts mostly to attacking environmental pollution while letting it be seen by his jaunty sideburned manner that he is in the newer image of Democratic politicians introduced locally by the Kennedys a quarter of a century ago. Those who voted for him would have returned to Louise before they ever gave their votes to Nelson.

Like McCormack, Mrs. Hicks is in the older image embodied by Honey Fitz, Gentleman Jim Curley and Dapper Dan Coakley in the days when South Boston was a proletarian Irish enclave. The South Boston peninsula, Mrs. Hicks' political heartland, is today Celtic only by reputation, most of the Irish having long since graduated to suburbia, their places taken since World War II by Balts and Poles. The newcomers are artisans, owners by instinct, who bought vacated houses cheap and have since spent their skills, their spare time and money in rehabilitating them. They are proud of their homes and they are afraid of any influx from the Roxbury blocks across the bridges, afraid for the value of their property, afraid of those who by and large have

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not developed the tradition of ownership. It is not so much bigotry as fear that makes them determined to keep South Boston white. They are the solid base of Mrs. Hicks' political power. She has become their spokesman, the champion of the decently benighted. What she will bring to Washington besides her rather formidable bulk remains to be seen.

Weatherman Wicker

Commenting in the *Times* on President Nixon's Kansas State University speech, Tom Wicker observes that while, on the one hand, the President deplored violence —"no cause justifies violence in the name of change"— he nevertheless, on the other hand, defended the violence of the Vietnam war. "What is indisputable," writes Wicker, "is that he is citing a particular goal as justifying violence—and on a dreadful scale—in a lecture purporting to rule out violence as an acceptable instrument, and accurately depicting how 'the acceptance of violence' corrodes a society." Furthermore, argues Wicker, warming to his theme, "Mr. Nixon omitted even to mention the kind of police violence—the violence of the law itself—that the country has so often seen in recent years."

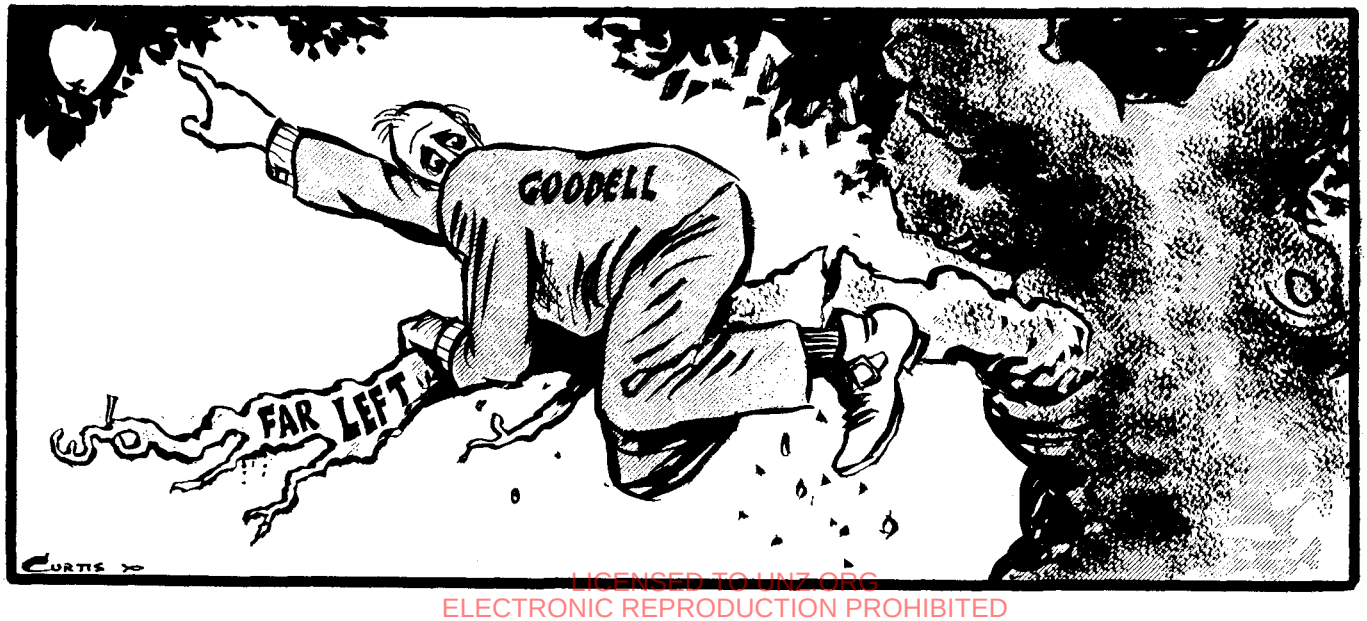
The confusion exhibited by Wicker is too obvious and of too elementary a character to be merely a "mistake." As everyone is aware, as even Wicker is aware, the "force" employed by the police, operating under the law, or by the armed forces, deployed by constitutional authority, is qualitatively different from the extra-legal "violence" of the criminal or the revolutionary. This distinction is fundamental to civil society. In Wicker's argument a policeman shooting a bandit and a bandit shooting a policeman would be performing equivalent acts, i.e., both "violent."

But what is going on in this argument is no "mistake." Mr. Wicker's position here rests on an assumption which, though unstated, is perfectly apparent. The qualitative distinction between force and violence rests on the law, and the validity of the law derives from the legitimacy of the authority behind it. When Mr. Wicker equates the violence of legitimate authority with that of the criminal, what he is really saying is that legitimate authority in America is, precisely, criminal—that in fact it is illegitimate, illegal, outlaw. No, he doesn't think that Richard Nixon took power through a coup, or that Hubert Humphrey really won the election; beneath the bland surface of his *Times*prose, Wicker's position is fundamentally revolutionary, and, as such, coincides perfectly with the explicit rationale of the violent activists.

Dick, Jane and CUNY

The City University of New York's new open-admissions plan, which will allow anyone with a high-school diploma to enroll in either a two-year or a four-year college, is based on good intentions, it being the university's opinion that students should not be penalized because their high schools were too overcrowded or ill-managed to teach them well enough to get into college by competitive means. However, according to statistics released by the university, 73 per cent of the freshmen who will enter the two-year community colleges this fall had averages in high school of under 70 per cent. They, therefore, are D-minus and F students who, even by standards prevailing nowadays, probably should not have received a high-school diploma. Moreover, 20 per cent of the freshmen admitted to the university's four-year colleges had averages under 75 per cent. Thus, it is not surprising that half of this year's freshmen were found to require some remedial work in arithmetic or English; some of them, in fact, cannot read at a ninth-grade level or do seventh-grade arithmetic.

The administration has stated emphatically that CUNY will not lower its requirements for the B.A. They also said



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that they would rather have students take five or six years to complete the B.A. than have them attempt work for which they are unprepared and fail. However, they have not been explicit on one vital point: Will students be allowed to enroll in regular college-level classes before they have completed their remedial work? It is difficult enough to teach a class composed entirely of students who passed a regular entrance exam without boring some or mystifying others; to lecture or assign reading material to a class including both A students and eighth-grade-level students would be impossibly difficult. Therefore, there ought to be the same sort of placement exams for basic subjects that now exist for entrance into advanced classes. A student's failure to pass, say, an exam showing that he could read at an eleventh-grade level and do basic arithmetic would not mean that he would be expelled, but simply that he would have to take more remedial courses until he could pass the test. Although passing the arithmetic test would not be a prerequisite of courses other than science and math, the reading test should be a prerequisite for everything.

This brings us to the recent report on conditions in elementary and high schools commissioned by the Carnegie Corporation. The results from the CUNY exam clearly show what we already knew: that lower education is frequently inadequate. However, the report's suggested solutions do not seem to be much of an improvement. It proposes a "radical reordering of the classroom along more informal lines, so that a student would be free to use his own interests as a starting point for education and would no longer be dominated by the teacher." Leaving aside the question of whether, at age six, one really knows what one's interests are, it would be a good idea, even with a first-grade class, to answer students' questions and use them to introduce the subject-matter that would have been taught anyway; and it might be a good idea to drop what the report calls "routine for routine's sake" and allow enough freedom of choice to make the children think that they are making their own decisions. One could, for example, allow a child to choose between reading a story about cowboys and a story about astronauts; but let him choose to read no story at all and he will be no better off than CUNY's freshmen.

The Politics of Population

Two trends of large political significance emerge from the recently completed 1970 census. First, suburban population moved ahead of urban, and by a whopping twelve million people. Second, the center of population shifted west and south, as the Northeast declined relative to Sun Belt States. Symbolic of this: Boston for the first time fell below both San Diego and San Antonio. Houston and Dallas shot up into the first ten.

Though something along these lines had been projected, the actual population shifts were more dramatic than anyone had anticipated, and the political implications are pure Kevin Phillips. The principal foundations of liberal/Democratic power are in decline: the core cities relative to the suburbs, and the Northeast relative to the South and West.

As Phillips points out, previous population shifts have generally triggered major political changes: 1) The rise of the trans-Appalachian New West provided the base of Jacksonian democracy; 2) The admission to the Union of California, Oregon and the farm states tipped the balance against the South; 3) Westward migration combined with the industrialization of the Northeast laid the foundation of the 1896-1932 era of industrial Republicanism; and 4) The political consolidation of urban and immigrant America, plus the Depression, established a national Democratic hegemony rooted in the cities that lasted from 1932 to 1968. "Today the interrelated Negro, suburban, and Sun Belt migrations have all but destroyed the old New Deal coalition. . . . As in the past, changing population patterns have set the scene for a new political alignment."

For those who delight in the horrors to be expected from the Population Explosion, the 1970 census results are a timely cold shower. What in fact occurred between 1960 and 1970 was the *minimum* increase projected by government analysts, a minimum that in the demographers' statistical model was considered highly improbable. As a result, they have been forced to revise their model and now predict: a leveling off to zero increase by the end of the century. During the affluent Sixties, the growth rate was the lowest since the Depression decade of the Thirties. Pop goes the Population Firecracker.

II—And Democrats Can Count Too

Or, as Richard Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg put it in *The Real Majority,* demography is destiny. If Democratic politicians heed the advice of Scammon and Wattenberg—and theirs has become the book-of-the-year in Washington circles—we may end up with, in effect, two conservative national parties. The authors are psephologists, that is, they know where the votes are and what

Are You There, Alice?

Wonderland's wonderful here in New York:
Every politico's blowing his cork.
(Ottinger's mama is blowing her green.)
Goldberg is running just like the Red Queen.
Mario, dousing his party with tea,
Gleefully pours for conservatives. (Whee!)
Meanwhile, the governor's growing so tall
All the while Goodell keeps growing so *small.*
Could they be munching on Alice's cake?
Is there a rabbit around on the make?
Anyway, Rocky's unspeakable grin
Has all the cats betting Buckley will win.

W. H. VON DREELE

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issues are really up. The big one for the Seventies, they demonstrate, is the Social Issue, compounded of race relations, crime, disorder, pornography, pot, youth-style, the campus. "That the Democrats have held the allegiance of most of the 'plain people' has been the critical fact in American Presidential politics for more than a third of a century. That is why they have won so often. Now, upon the shoals of the Social Issue, there seems to be the possibility of a rupture in that pattern. If it happens, it will be bad news for Democrats."

The Left and much of the press is mesmerized by Vietnam, and the "movement" gloats over McCarthy's New Hampshire children's crusade. Vietnam? "The University of Michigan Survey Research Center Polls show that three out of every five *of the McCarthy supporters* in New Hampshire believed that the Johnson administration was wrong on Vietnam because it was not hawkish *enough* . . ." Lindsay as a Glamor Candidate in 1972? "Should John Lindsay switch his allegiance to the Democrats, be nominated for President in 1972, and *be perceived by the voters nationwide as he was in 1969 in New York City*, he would lose massively to centrist Richard Nixon or any other middle-of-the-road Republican."

Notes & Asides

Department of Justice, Washington

September 9, 1970

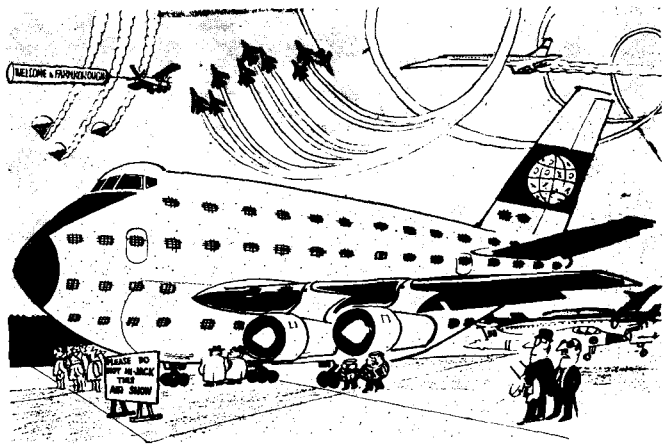
■ Dear Bill:

As a conservative and an avid reader of yours, I must take great exception to your recent column, "Was This Integration Drive Wise?"

The article misses the point, Bill. The result which this Administration seeks is not "integration" but compliance with the Constitution, and the statutes that the Congress has enacted. In the 1964 Civil Rights Act the Congress directed the Attorney General to bring about "orderly desegregation of the public schools." Would you have the Attorney General and this Administration dismiss as liberal fantasy the command of the Congress and the interpretation of the courts requiring the elimination of the dual school system pursuant to the constitutional provisions there applicable?

Certainly no conservative would believe that in 1970 America this nation should continue to abide by a dual school system, one for black children and one for white children. What this Administration has sought is the elimination of that dual system.

What this Administration has not been able to control is the specific remedy that the courts may have applied in bringing about the elimination of that duality. Thus



Waite, *London Daily Mirror* Ben Roth Agency

"It accommodates fifty security guards, plus three hundred passengers in solitary confinement"

we have the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals ordering desegregation plans which require massive busing and pairing of Mexican-American and black schools (the dissent pointing out that this is a pairing of disadvantaged children) in Houston for instance, while in other cases allowing the maintenance of all black schools and rejecting pairing and busing as a solution.

Whether the "young lawyers" in the Justice Department believe that this is "simply too good to be true" is really immaterial. If that is their reaction, and I have some doubts that it is, then it is simply one of the burdens that a Republican Administration must bear as it keeps its commitment to "good government." For good government is in part a carrying out of the mandates of the Congress and the Constitution.

If our free society is to work, and there are those today who claim that it isn't, then conservatives like us must, above all, keep our commitment to constitutional government, and that means simply that all laws must be complied with, not just those that we like.

Our continuing commitment to the rule of law is the essence of a free society.

Let me close by quoting some words by Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, which I am sure you've heard before: "When freedom fails, good men rot in jails,/while those who cry appease, appease/are hung by those they sought to please."

Bill Buckley, as a conservative, you should not put yourself in the category of those who would appease the law. Best regards.

Sincerely,
Jerris Leonard
Assistant Attorney General
Civil Rights Division

Dear Jerris:

As a conservative and an avid subject of your Administration, a couple of comments. 1) Would it be correct to say that you are engaged in testing the adage that the best way to repeal bad laws is to enforce them? 2) Isn't it the

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case that the Justice Department is applying more stringent standards in the South than in the North? Or are Senators McClellan and Ribicoff, to say nothing of the states, simply ignorant? 3) Isn't it up to the Justice Department to accept, or reject, preliminarily, rearrangements offered by the school boards; and isn't it true that, for instance in Texas, your representatives are rejecting proposed rearrangements which in fact might be accepted by such courts as have shown themselves to be understanding of the realities? 4) Isn't it proper for the Attorney General to recommend to the President, concerning laws that prove to be incompatible with human practice that he invite Congress to reconsider them? Best regards,

Bill

The City of New York
Office of the Mayor
New York, N.Y. 10007

September 17, 1970

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your subscription renewal request to Mayor Lindsay has been routinely forwarded to me for reply.

I was genuinely moved when I read it—until I noticed (by running it under warm water) that you had sent Mayor Lindsay a form letter. The disappointment, as you might say, was especially keen.

Nonetheless, it was very kind of you to suggest that the Mayor is an enlightened conservative. I've always felt that, deep down, you are an enlightened radic lib.

Of course, renew. We would not want to miss a single one of your insights into our times.

Sincerely,
Thomas B. Morgan
Press Secretary

But my dear Morgan, you have missed all *of our insights into our times. And you must not provoke me. After all, I have never suggested that deep down Mayor Lindsay is anything. Cordially,* WFB

■ *Jimi Hendrix meant nothing to me—I mean, I did not know who he was. We would not have published an obituary notice on him, but I reproduce the following a) because it was submitted by Philip Ardery, a former associate of NR; and b) because it communicates the special feelings felt for some of the rock musicians by some young Americans, and it is good that we should know c) something about the nature of those feelings, and their special intensity.*

Jimi Hendrix, RIP

Great men of other days were great men to us all, and when they passed from us we were one voice in our mourning. Many heard of Jimi Hendrix for the first time when news came from London that he was dead, at age 27, of an overdose of drugs. And with these, the rest of us, the ones who loved Jimi Hendrix, could find no union in our grief.

From the time that it broke the shackles of pop commercialism, rock music has led a search for meaning, for fulfillment of the spirit, with an explicitness unprecedented in art. Jimi Hendrix, like all artists, found beauty in his search and spread it around, but he never found what we are looking for. The world imposed on Jimi—he was black and freakish—and he turned his search inward until, at the last, he escaped all contact with the outside. His music and his life were in no way "psychedelic." LSD forces an outgrowth, and Jimi Hendrix grew in, singing the song of heroin, barbiturates and alcohol. The brilliant feedback effects of his guitar worked to carve a resting place, warm, protected, so safe from the world that there was no need, finally, even to breathe.

Jimi wrote in one of his songs, "I'm the one who's got to die when it's time for me to die, so let me live my life the way I want to." To say this, and yet to create great beauty, made Jimi Hendrix a communicator despite himself. His music was love stronger than any spoken rejections of love. Jimi searched hard, and only in dying the way he did could he show us, with the explicitness the modern idiom demands, that he was searching in the wrong place. And as he asked us to do, by making his private quest the public quest of art, we should heed his message, and we should now look elsewhere, away from the solipsisms that define so many of our lives. If we listen to this great artist, we shall now reach out from ourselves—even across that hard barrier that separates those who never knew Jimi Hendrix alive from those who loved him.

—PPA

■ William Rusher, Jeffrey Hart, Will Herberg, and Peter Witonski of NATIONAL REVIEW will lecture in a course—"The Conservative Response: Aims and Alternatives"—to be given this term, once a week on Tuesday evenings, at New York University's School for Continuing Education. The course is open to absolutely everyone. The cost for ten lectures is $40 plus a $5 registration fee. For further information, call 677-4080. Former *NR* Associate Philip Ardery is directing the course, which has its first meeting October 6.

■ Department of Utter Self-Satisfaction: Mary Gauerke, cartoonist for *NR*, has been asked to submit originals of her drawings for auction by Parke-Bernet Galleries. . . . And a news release from WGBH/KCET: "William Rusher, publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW, has joined public television's Peabody Award-winning series The Advocates, it was announced by Greg Harney, executive producer. 'There can be no doubt,' said Harney, 'that The Advocates will be tremendously enhanced by his clear rhetoric, power of persuasion, and charm. After seeing Mr. Rusher's excellent audition (he was one of two dozen considered for the position) it is evident that his ability to zero in on the central issue is just the quality demanded by The Advocates' format.' Rusher will appear regularly with opposing advocate, Howard Miller, and will travel between KCET, Los Angeles and WGBH, Boston, coproducers of the public affairs series."

—WFB

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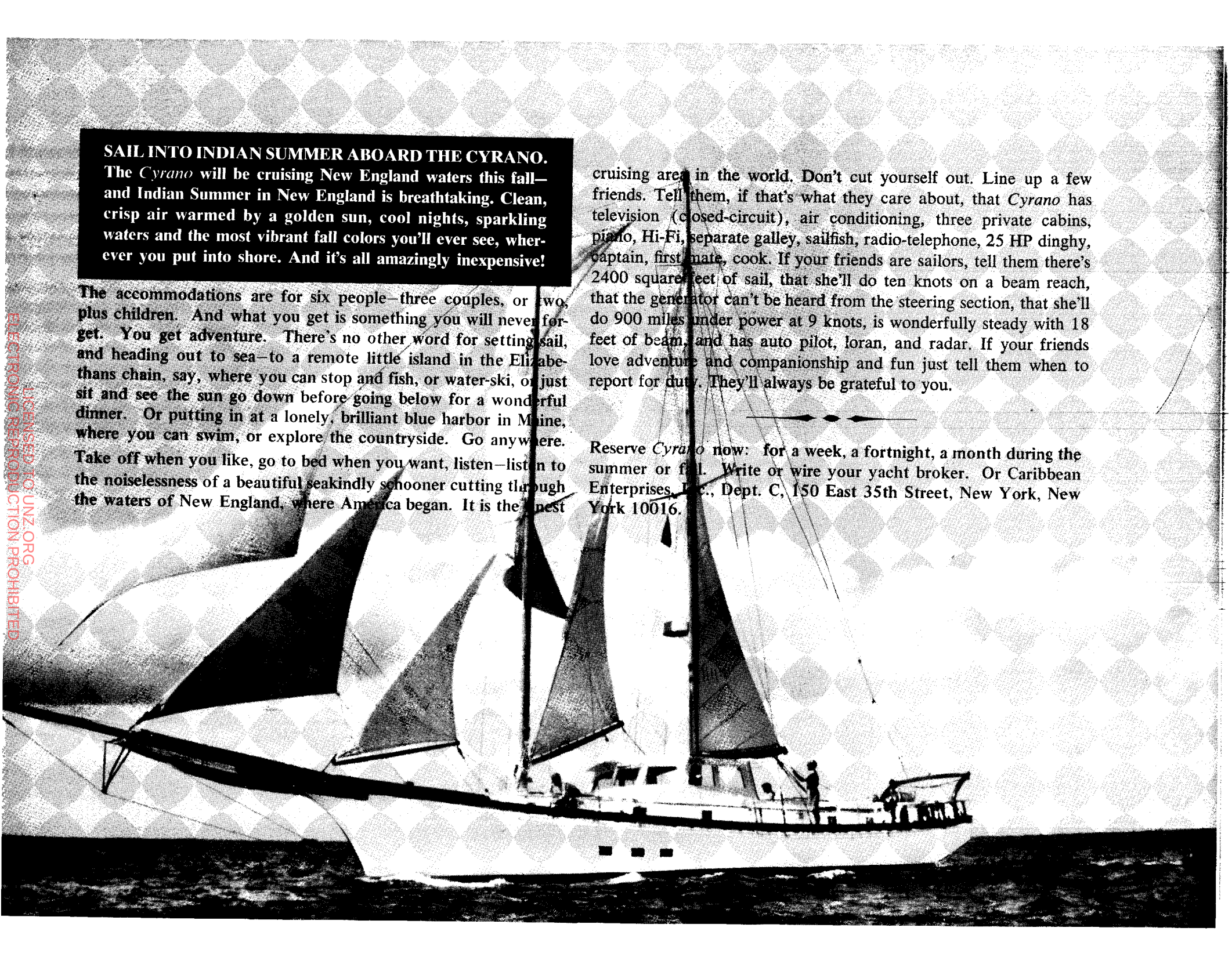
SAIL INTO INDIAN SUMMER ABOARD THE CYRANO.
The *Cyrano* will be cruising New England waters this fall—and Indian Summer in New England is breathtaking. Clean, crisp air warmed by a golden sun, cool nights, sparkling waters and the most vibrant fall colors you'll ever see, wherever you put into shore. And it's all amazingly inexpensive!

The accommodations are for six people—three couples, or two, plus children. And what you get is something you will never forget. You get adventure. There's no other word for setting sail, and heading out to sea—to a remote little island in the Elizabethans chain, say, where you can stop and fish, or water-ski, or just sit and see the sun go down before going below for a wonderful dinner. Or putting in at a lonely, brilliant blue harbor in Maine, where you can swim, or explore the countryside. Go anywhere. Take off when you like, go to bed when you want, listen—listen to the noiselessness of a beautiful seakindly schooner cutting through the waters of New England, where America began. It is the finest cruising area in the world. Don't cut yourself out. Line up a few friends. Tell them, if that's what they care about, that *Cyrano* has television (closed-circuit), air conditioning, three private cabins, piano, Hi-Fi, separate galley, sailfish, radio-telephone, 25 HP dinghy, captain, first mate, cook. If your friends are sailors, tell them there's 2400 square feet of sail, that she'll do ten knots on a beam reach, that the generator can't be heard from the steering section, that she'll do 900 miles under power at 9 knots, is wonderfully steady with 18 feet of beam, and has auto pilot, loran, and radar. If your friends love adventure and companionship and fun just tell them when to report for duty. They'll always be grateful to you.

Reserve *Cyrano* now: for a week, a fortnight, a month during the summer or fall. Write or wire your yacht broker. Or Caribbean Enterprises, Inc., Dept. C, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.



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CATO

THE GOP AND THE JEWISH VOTE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

"If anyone can predict how foreign difficulties will affect an election, it's Richard Nixon," commented one GOP strategist in Washington this week. But as the campaign enters its four final weeks, foreign policy is suddenly posing new problems for both parties. Washington is as full of contingency plans to deal with the domestic political effects of crises abroad as it is of contingency plans to deal with the crises themselves.

The Administration faces two principal political problems in its handling of the Middle Eastern crisis. The first is the problem of the Jewish vote and what effect the worsening situation in the Middle East will have on it. The second is how much adverse effect a major American commitment in the Middle East will have on segments of the electorate upset about heavy expenditures in Vietnam.

For some months now the White House has taken a serious interest in the importance to the GOP of the Jewish vote. As domestic disorders have increased, numbers of Jewish voters have turned to conservative candidates running on strong public order platforms. This group of voters, many of whom were or are old-style liberals, could play a part in the new alliance the President hopes to form with union members, Middle Americans, and at least some middle-class Negroes (the latter group a low-profile but high-priority project in the hoped-for reordering).

GOP insiders believe the President's quick action on hijacking (putting guards on planes) and his decision to supply arms to Israel has strengthened the Republican Party with Jewish voters. The argument that Democrats who want to get out of Vietnam cannot be depended on to defend Israel is a particularly powerful weapon. A side benefit can already be seen in the recent pro-Administration votes on defense programs in the Senate because it is acknowledged that U.S. ability to aid Israel depends on America's maintaining a credible military stance. Senator Fulbright's call for withdrawal of Israeli forces from occupied areas is regarded as a definite liability for the Democratic Party among Jewish voters.

The ambiguities of the President's own Middle East peace plan do not, on the other hand, seem to have been overly counterproductive among pro-Israeli voters. One source prominent in Jewish financial circles has commented: "He's the President we've got, and nobody else in sight would do much better."

One GOP worry is whether American involvement in the Middle East will prove so open-ended as to draw the attention of anti-Vietnam types before the November election. The Fulbright position is taken by some Washington observers to be the beginning of a shift that would place elements of the antiwar movement against any large-scale U.S. involvement there. Already pro-Palestinian groups have surfaced on some of the campuses. But so far their numbers have been small and their influence negligible.

Republican strategists don't discount the fact that the party could be hurt by a major escalation of hostilities in the Middle East. Voters generally rally to the party in power during a foreign crisis, but there are unpredictable elements in the present situation that are making every Capitol Hill pundit hedge his bets on this one.

One battle the GOP has won is the battle of the environment. Environment is now everybody's territory, and a sustained Administration effort to take control of the issue for the Republican Party has on the whole succeeded very well. One reason for the GOP success has been the vigorous emphasis put on anti-pollution programs by the Nixon Administration; a second is the fragmentation of both groups (the number of environmental action organizations is legion) and targets (industrial polluters, city government polluters, and so forth); and a third is the unwillingness of voters to support as high a level of environmental expenditure as some Democrats have been advocating.

This had led to the downgrading of environment as a high-priority target among Democratic strategists. Sources close to the Democratic leadership report that inflation is the only issue that can prevent significant Democratic losses in November. "We are almost a one-issue party," commented one source. "Environment is not much good to us now because people are already tired of hearing about it."

In his protracted campaign to win the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1972, Senator Birch Bayh (Ind.) has put most of his chips on sponsorship of the newest proposal to ditch the Electoral College in favor of direct popular election of the Chief Executive. It now looks just about certain that he has lost his bet, and with it his chance to be chosen for the main event. Everything seemed rosy for Electoral College reform when Bayh's bill soared through the House with a 339-70 triumph. But then it entered the Senate grinder, where abstract principles are whittled down to shape by professionals who remember that they are elected by the several states, not by national plebiscite. So once again, as it has been for the more than 150 years that the issue has been on the agenda, the electoral reform bill is being laid on the shelf, whence it will be hopefully lifted a couple of years from now by some then-aspiring Bayh. There is a primitive tribe in Patagonia whose musical instruments are so tuned that they can sound only a single identical pitch. An anthropologist once asked one of the tribal elders why they never experimented with, maybe, one or two additional pitches. "Well," the reply was, "we've managed to get along with this one, and who knows what might happen if we tried another?" Even so, the senators and the Electoral College. □

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JAMES BURNHAM

MIDEAST STORIES

THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT

As soon as the UAR and Israel agreed to a Suez ceasefire, with the prospect of serious negotiations toward a settlement, civil war in Jordan became inevitable.

Whatever Nasser may have said, now and then, for demagogic purposes, the destruction of Israel is not essential to him or to the UAR government. Naturally he (and any Egyptian government) does not want in his neighborhood an Israel so strong as to be a real and constant threat. Naturally, also, Nasser cannot willingly accept the invasion and conquest of Egyptian territory. But it does not follow that Nasser (or another Egyptian leader) must therefore seek "to drive the Israelis into the sea"—if indeed he ever did use this over-quoted phrase.

On the contrary, the existence of Israel is from most points of view a benefit to the Egyptian government. Israel serves as 1) a levering device in maneuvering with other Arab states; 2) an even more effective lever in wangling arms, money and political concessions from the major nations, especially the super-powers; 3) a useful device for keeping the Egyptian masses in line—they can always blame Israel for their troubles.

It is these three factors rather than any transcending crusade to blot Israel out of existence that has motivated Nasser's policy toward Israel. A certain amount of fighting with Israel from time to time, but nothing rough enough to risk a UAR defeat that might topple the regime or require a quantity of outside help that might subvert its independence. It should not be overlooked that even Arab political types prefer to be bosses rather than puppets.

View from Hussein's Kingdom

As for King Hussein, he cannot afford to be an all-out crusader for anything except the salvation of his own neck. Sixty per cent of the population of his kingdom consists of Palestinian Arabs, many of them refugees from Israel—that is, from what they consider a part of their own country. Hussein's rule rests on the Bedouin minority, from which the greater part—though not the entirety—of the army is drawn. The armed Palestinian groups have for several years constituted what is in effect a rival power. War with Israel has initiated, motivated and promoted the partisan ("commando," "guerrilla," "fedayeen") groups. The mass and military pressure forces Hussein to sound anti-Israel, but nothing would please him more than to have a settlement of the Israel war with some sort of agreed (i.e., imposed) regulation of the Palestinian problem.

But the partisans are in an altogether different bind. For the partisan leaders, at any rate, the war is meat and drink. Unlike Nasser and Hussein (and the Lebanese government), they are indeed committed to the destruction of Israel—or at least of the present Israeli state.

The declared goal of the important partisan groups is the replacement of the Zionist state of Israel by an independent, secular, democratic Palestine incorporating the territory of what is now Israel plus Jordanian Palestine, in which Jews, Moslems and Christians would have equal rights. Whatever there is to be said in the abstract for this goal—it may be recalled that Georges Pompidou commended it last year—the Jews of Israel will have no part of it. Positively, they want their own kind of Zionist, Jewish state; negatively, with much plausibility, they believe the formal program of the Palestinians would be equivalent in practice to driving the (Jewish) Israelis into the sea.

The partisan leaders cannot accept a ceasefire, negotiation and possible settlement which would necessarily include some compromise regulation of the Palestinian problem. They cannot because settlement would mean an end to their power, both the substantial power they already have and the greater power they want to get. Therefore they have rejected the entire perspective of settlement, beginning with its first stage in the ceasefire, have publicly sworn to wreck it and have acted to carry out their pledge.

Dr. George Habash, leader of the most extreme of the partisan groups, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, was reported a fortnight ago from Peking, where he was visiting, as stating he was ready to risk a third world war to gain the partisans' objective. It was while he was in the Far East that his organization staged the skyjackings and subsequent blowups as a maneuver to wreck the ceasefire.

Who Shall Be Master?

Inside Jordan, thus, a dual power situation exists. One power—the Hussein government—is willing to accept, indeed wants, an end to the fighting and a settlement; the other—the partisan leadership—wants fighting to continue until its objective is achieved. This being the case, real progress toward a settlement cannot be made until it is decided who is master in the Jordanian house. Therefore the battles inside Jordan, which, so long as the decision has not been reached, are renewed after each suspension. Real movement toward a settlement cannot take place until the partisan leaders are either compelled to go along by superior force, or are liquidated.

There is a further complication. It is not certain that Israel wants the government of King Hussein (or a conceivable military successor government) to smash the partisan leadership, or even that this is to Israel's interest. Israel's primary strategic objective, as I have several times stressed in the past, is to bring about a total U.S. commitment to Israel, and it seems possible that the consequences of the defeat of Hussein and a partisan takeover in Jordan might serve that objective more than a decisive defeat of the partisans. The Israeli leadership, like George Habash, is ready to risk a third world war to attain its objective. □

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ON CAMPUS AND OFF

Gulp: There Goes UCal La Jolla

JEFFREY HART

ONE OF THE most famous shark attacks in the history of the Pacific Coast took place a few years ago at La Jolla. A couple of skin divers were operating in the rocky cove just south of the main beach. All of a sudden, one of the skin divers looked around, just in time to see his friend in the process of being swallowed, whole, and apparently alive, by a giant shark. The last thing to disappear was his head. Nothing could be done.

This famous incident can stand as a symbol of what seems in the offing for the University of California's branch at La Jolla. Right now, everyone is looking apprehensively at Berkeley; yet Berkeley has really become a sort of Verdun of the academic war: a cruel standoff, a war of attrition that goes on year after year, and is generally predictable. Other campuses make the headlines, and possess the fascination of the abomination. Santa Barbara, for example, where, in the student ghetto called Isla Vista, anything at all is entirely probable. Isla Vista is a liberated area, as that term has come to be defined lately. But keep an eye on the La Jolla campus in the coming months. Something really extraordinary is underway there, very much like the shark consuming the live swimmer.

La Jolla itself is one of the real gems of Southern California. It's a wealthy suburb of San Diego, and the prevailing colors are green and white: the green of the palm trees and the carefully cultivated tropical shrubbery, the white of the low and elegant buildings, modern adaptations of the indigenous Spanish designs. La Jolla has what must be one of the best sea-coasts in the world, a fine long curving half-moon of a beach, with very white sand. It's a surfers' paradise, for the sets of breakers roll in from way out, maybe all the way from Hawaii. The surfers themselves are all over the place, tanned but distinctively bleached looking, hair and sometimes it seems even eyeballs drained of color by the sun.

La Jolla is rich and beautiful. Behind the beach and a little to the south, its pleasant houses scale cliffs deliberately landscaped to provide a green relief from the surrounding yellows and ochres of the desert. It's full of retired admirals, successful businessmen, golfers, tennis players and surfers.

What a location for UCal to establish a major branch! And so it did. For a few years all went well, more than well in fact. The La Jolla campus became known for its Nobel Prize winners, for its superior programs in the natural sciences, and, especially, for its mathematicians. The academic recruiters from La Jolla became familiar figures, and, to department chairmen elsewhere, feared ones. You could recognize them by their sun tans and by the fact that they always seemed to be carrying great sacks, trunks and bundles of money. For UCal at La Jolla, the future certainly looked bright.

RIGHT NOW, all bets are off: I visited the campus there just before Labor Day and found most of the faculty members I talked with in a state of acute nervous expectation. What—the question hung in the air in one conversation after another—what would happen when the "Third College" opened this fall?

The "Third College"? More specifically, Lumumba-Zapata University, as it is generally known. "I'm going over to Lumumba-Zapata for awhile," you hear someone say. "See you later."

Until recently the La Jolla campus consisted of two colleges, liberal arts and scientific. What with the population pressure and all, a third grouping of buildings came into being, then known as the Matthews Campus, decolonization at that time not yet having taken place. Supposedly the Matthews Campus would allow for the extension of the legitimate educational functions of the university.

Whereupon, two years ago, the faculty Senate up and voted to establish there what one terrorized scholar described to me as the most radical academic institution yet established within the United States.

Quite a description. Was he exaggerating?

Lumumba-Zapata University, I learned, will be known to the outside world merely as the "Third College," but even that title, based as it is on the prior existence of the other two colleges, has a specific, if fortuitous, appropriateness. The "Third College" is projected as another of those "third world" enclaves, and it is soaked in "third world" ideology—that is, that people of color, Negroes, Mexicans, Orientals, and so on, have a separate interest as against "white" civilization. The students at Lumumba-Zapata will thus be segregated "people of color." The facilities envisioned will accommodate some three thousand of them.

Well, might they not just settle down there and get a decent education?

Oh, no, the distinctive thing about Lumumba-Zapata is that a committee of students will completely control both faculty appointments and the admission of future students.

I thought that this was certainly unprecedented, and, academically, hopeless—but, in itself, radical? Why not just incompetent?

From the start, I was told, Lumumba-Zapata has been a radical project. The normal scholar, eager to teach, say, Plato or Dickens, just would not teach there, given the hegemony of the radicals. Furthermore, under the unique administrative set-up, applicants for admissions have really been selected on the grounds of *militancy* rather than academic promise.

Suppose, I asked one faculty member, you wanted to teach a course there in, oh, Wordsworth. Why couldn't you give it? In a way, it might be fun.

No, he said. All the courses to be offered are relevant—as that word is now understood.

He then began to get angry. You know, he said, a student just could not get any kind of a legitimate education there. The whole project is a kind of crime against the students themselves.

LATER ON, I sat with another faculty member watching the brilliant orange globe of the sun descend into the Pacific Ocean. I had followed this man's work for years and I knew that he was a first-rate scholar and a dedicated teacher. He himself had voluntarily given his summers over to teaching Negro children in San Diego. What did he think of Lumumba-Zapata?

(Continues on page 1052)

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HART

(Continued from page 1046)

A bomb ready to go off, he said.

Had he voted for it?

No, he said, but a lot of people who hated the whole idea and now feared it had voted for it.

Why?

For one thing, Chancellor McGill was all for it.

Everyone I talked to was delighted that "Bill McGill" has now left La Jolla to take over as president of Columbia. On the other hand, they wish Columbia lots of luck. McGill will fiddle while the buildings burn. In a number of conversations some interesting odds and ends turned up. McGill had been all for Lumumba-Zapata, had even turned over a preliminary $64,000 under some auspices or other, the sole result of which turned out to be a so-called "flow chart." This was a one-page diagram purporting to represent the "organization" of Lumumba-Zapata. Ellipses and arrows, boxes, and so on. Everyone considered it a phony. The one hope, a faculty member said, is that they're corruptible.

But why, WHY, was the thing voted in?

Anyone who had come out against it publicly, I was told, anyone who had actually voted against it, would have "lost his liberal credentials." Horrors! The fact seems to be that in an environment like this you just cannot oppose something brought forward as an alleged benefit for "people of color." Beyond that, there was actually a physical fear of retaliation by white radical students against anyone who opposed Lumumba-Zapata.

I also learned that ordinary Negro and Mexican-American families in the area are outraged by the whole thing. If their children try to get in while projecting a normal academic program they have, to put it bluntly, the chance of a snowball in hell.

SOME SERIOUS RESISTANCE is stirring on the campus. There is a well-organized and determined Committee to Save the University which has enlisted members from all normal sectors of the political spectrum. Harold Urey, a Nobel Prize winner, is a supporter. Martin Kamen, whom I had always identified as a hard leftist, is said to be aboard. The most productive scholar in the Sociology Department has written letters to erstwhile Chancellor McGill, to the Regents, to University President Roger Heyns: Lumumba-Zapata, he tells them, will mean the end of serious academic activity on the campus. A kind of professional consensus in the common denominator in the Committee to Save the University: they want to survive.

They have had some initial successes. Right now the name of the game is Chancellor. McGill has descended upon Columbia, and the La Jolla post is open. Last year a Search Committee, commissioned to propose a number of names from which the Regents would choose McGill's successor, played the sort of academic game everyone is familiar with. They had a couple of "real" candidates, who would give Lumumba-Zapata no trouble at all. In order to present an appearance of objectivity, they surrounded these names with other names certain to decline the post. "Well, we suggest Jesus Christ, Mahatma Gandhi, Mohammed, John Smith, the Duke of Wellington, Joe Jones, William Butler Yeats and the Loch Ness Monster."

Right now, the Regents have the ball. Whatever they do, there is going to be trouble.

Down on the beach you could see isolated surfers carrying their boards along the hard sand at the edge of the water.

You must think Lumumba-Zapata is pretty wild, a young faculty member said. One of the radical factions here, though, has something *really* new in mind. They want to create, actually, a black ghetto next to the campus.

I thought I knew what he meant. That some radicals wanted to concentrate the black students, the Mexican-Americans, and so on, in one section. By so doing, demagogy would be much facilitated.

Oh, no, he said. The *students* will be living in the dorms, and they will be highly organized as a matter of course. The radicals want to put up low-income —really "welfare"—housing right here on the campus.

You're kidding.

No. That's the main cause right now. I just don't know why they want to do it. Maybe they need "troops" if there's going to be some real trouble. Actually I think they just consider La Jolla too beautiful in a rich sort of way. They would love to give the finger to the admirals and the businessmen. They want to make the place ugly—and moral.

Of course, they'll never be able to do it.

Don't bet on it. The University owns most of the land around here. It has plenty of money. It could really zing this place. The regular residents here have just begun to understand that the whole character of the place could depend on a vote at a faculty meeting in the fall.

Lots of luck, La Jolla, I said. □

"It's ecology at work. His species is vanishing and ours is exploding."

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COVER STORY

The Red face of Chile: How a conservative majority lost a free election to a Communist minority. What went wrong; why many Christian Democrats voted left; and, most important, what we should do about it

October Revolution in Chile?

SELDEN RODMAN

THREE DAYS before the world was stunned to hear that a third of Chile's electorate had given the winning margin to a Marxist-Leninist, a curious news item appeared on the front page of Peru's leading newspaper, *El Comercio*. It seems that a Chilean ship on the smuggling run from Panama was foundering in a heavy sea off Peru's southern coast. Rescuers who talked with the crew of various nationalities before the *Puelche* was abandoned, described the final scene aboard the ill-fated ship. The Chileans had held a ceremony on deck that jeopardized the lowering of the lifeboats. They had insisted on *voting*, each sailor writing on a slip of paper the name of the candidate of his choice—Alessandri, Tomic, Allende—placing the ballot in a sealed bottle, and tossing it into the Pacific in the hope that it would somehow reach Chile in time to be counted by September 4. It was reported that the Panamanians, Peruvians and others aboard had watched the Chileans conduct this rite "in shocked disbelief but not without grudging respect."

Chile, three days later, had indeed gone to the polls in that spirit of reverence for constitutional legality which has made it unique among Latin American countries. On election day I was driving west from Santiago, the capital, toward Valparaiso, the principal port. A friend from the Peace Corps had hired a car for me, to keep a luncheon date with Pablo Neruda. Chile's great poet had been the Communist candidate for the presidency until his party several months ago decided to make a Popular Front again as in 1964, with the Socialist leader Salvador Allende once more the standard-bearer. Neruda might or might not remember our date, so I decided to check his Santiago apartment before setting out —if I could find the number. Where else but in Chile would a deferential desk clerk at the best hotel have solved my problem thus: "Shall I call Communist Party headquarters for you, sir? They must have his number." All along the way to the coast, in contrast to the searing drought of two years ago that had withered President Frei's fading Christian Democratic dream, everything was spring green. Pear and plum trees blossomed against the Andean snow. What were trees loaded with oranges and lemons doing side by side with peaches and apples—those fruits we consider God's compensation for our Puritan winters?

At every village the holiday crowd, on its way to or from the polling places, waved joyfully, usually with two fingers aloft: the Alessandri sign. Could they detect our *gringo* faces a hundred yards away in our Fiat and be mocking us as presumptive partisans of the conservative candidate Anaconda Copper was supposed to be financing with its "imperialist" millions? Not likely.

I had taken my own poll of a half-dozen impoverished taxi drivers in Santiago the day before: Alessandri five, Tomic one, Allende none. But Neruda knew better. As he lumbered off after our lunch to his irrevocable siesta—the standard joke in Chile while he was campaigning for himself had been: if he is elected, what will happen to Chile during those three hours?—he called down to us from the balcony of his museum-like seaside cottage: "When I wake up Chile will have a new president, Salvador Allende!" And when I shouted back: "When will you be visiting us again, Pablo?" he had replied, as predictably but a bit ominously, despite the laugh: "When Nixon and Johnson are dead and you are out of Vietnam!"

Back in Santiago that night, a man addicted neither to poetry nor siestas (though a hedonist in his own way) was addressing a hundred thousand jubilant followers. They were massed in the Alameda within sight of the mobile cannons guarding La Moneda, Chile's White House. Salvador Allende had a winner's smile wreathing his somewhat arrogant intellectual's features, but it was a restrained smile. The euphoric crowd would have broken through that thin cordon of tanks at his slightest signal of encouragement to place their hero in the presidential seat without waiting for the requisite congressional approval October 24. Allende raised both hands. "Go home to your beds," he commanded, "get a good night's sleep, and in the morning go to your work as usual." This was no time to provoke a military coup or precipitate a civil war, he knew. The machinery for a peaceful transition to Communism was in his hands, thanks to that 36 per cent plurality. Patience and a little time should make "the revolution" complete. Marxism-Leninism had triumphed at the polls for the first time in history.

Why Allende Won

How had it happened?

Six years ago, with 3 per cent *more* of the total vote than this time, Allende had been so decisively beaten by the Christian Democrat, Eduardo Frei, that no subsequent congressional endorsement by Congress was required. Then as now, almost two-thirds of the electorate had voted against the Marxist-Leninist candidate. The difference was that this time the moderate, democratic vote was split between Jorge Alessandri, a 74-year-old former president whose National Party represented the ultraconservative Right, and Radomiro Tomic, the new Christian Democrat standard-bearer who campaigned on such a platform of

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socialism-via-expropriation as to be hardly distinguishable from Allende.

One explanation is that the Chilean masses—peasants as well as the employed and unemployed in the cities, where the bulk of Chile's nine million people is now concentrated—have been moving steadily leftward since World War II. This is true. And perhaps it was inevitable. Chile was simply too poor in nonagricultural resources to satisfy the rising expectations of those who had been repeatedly promised a compensated redistribution of land, higher wages, full employment, modern housing, social security: all the perquisites of the classical welfare state. But it doesn't account for the disillusionment with President Frei's party. Hadn't the Christian Democrats for six years been moving steadily if slowly toward all these goals?

Frei's Mistakes

No one doubts that Frei himself, had the constitution permitted him to run for a second successive term, could have defeated any combination of Marxists. His image as an honest, dedicated, progressive, deeply religious man remained untarnished. Yet it was the mistakes Frei made as President—and as politician in failing to groom a moderate as his successor—that led to the undoing of the Christian Democrats. So anxious was Frei to avoid the stigma of anti-radicalism (or, worse still, pro-Americanism) that he bent over backwards to please the vociferous Left. His agreement with Anaconda, ceding to Chile 51 per cent of the voting stock in that American corporate giant that provides 70 per cent of Chile's foreign-exchange revenue, was sound. So was his modest Agrarian Reform which expropriated (with compensation) some of the larger landholdings and made 20,000 of Chile's 300,000 landless peasant families small proprietors. But Frei made many smaller decisions which weakened his party ideologically and divided it. Early in his term he parted company with Father Roger Vekemans, the Belgian priest whose radical but anti-Marxist *Centro Bellarmino* and DESAL (Center for Economic and Social Development of Latin America) had given a powerful impetus to the 1964 campaign; after the break, Catholicism ceased to be a force in Chilean politics, and Catholics who had believed that the Church could be a revolutionary vanguard in social reform began to drift toward the Marxist camps. At the same time Frei's friendly gestures toward the Soviet Union, Castro's Cuba and the Communist Party of Chile gave his followers the impression that these were to be considered benign forces. More serious, however, was the appointment of Jacques Chonchol, a fiery young Marxist, to head the Agrarian Reform. By the time Frei realized this mistake and fired him, Chonchol had acquired enough of a following to take 15 per cent of the Christian Democrats with him into his MAPU—and align it behind Allende. It was hardly surprising, then, that Tomic —until the last two weeks of the campaign when he began to run scared—attacked Frei and asked the Communist Party to abandon Allende and support *him*!

Alessandri's ineffectuality was apparent even before he agreed to run. The

reasons he came so close to nosing out Allende were negative. Moderates of the Center, disenchanted enough by Frei's softness to listen closely to what Tomic was saying, had no choice but to fall behind the extreme Right. Alessandri himself was no reactionary. As President in 1958-1963 he had not only arrested the inflation then beginning to plague Chile, but had initiated the badly needed Agrarian Reform. Only in his last year in office, when he felt he was losing control of Congress, did his manic-depressive character force him into a shell. Even so, Alessandri might have won by fostering this image of aloofness: it did convey a widespread impression that he was without ambition and incorruptible. Instead, the aged bachelor was talked into waging a vigorous campaign from Arica to Puentas Areñas; and when he, who had written so effectively about the need for a firm hand on the helm *appeared on TV with his hand trembling*, that did it.

The campaign was dirty—even by American standards. Alessandri's doddering image was played up and bandied about in a campaign song that impugned his masculinity. And the Alessandristas for their part so overplayed the "Soviet menace" with pictures of Russian tanks ringing La Moneda that this tactic backfired. An "impartial" committee of Christian Democrats was formed to investigate this "Reign of Terror," and it proposed (absurdly) fines and imprisonment for those making "unsupported" campaign charges. The committee was headed, ironically, by Bernardo Leighton, a moderate Christian Democrat whom Alessandri had offered to support before Tomic was chosen as the party's nominee. A gang of Allende supporters raided Alessandri's campaign headquarters and published photos of what were alleged to be fat campaign checks from the American copper company, Anaconda. It was a fact, in any event, that in July and August *PEC*, the right-wing weekly that had gone bankrupt the year before, was revived, carrying full-page ads from Anaconda.

Allende, as the campaign developed, assumed an aspect of assured sophistication: cultured, urbane, witty, elegantly attired in one of his (rumored) hundred suits, whether on his yacht off Albaroga or showing distinguished guests his wife's art collection. The fact that he was known to be a friend of Fidel Castro, and that he had personally conducted the survivors of Che's Bolivian adventure to Havana by plane, "lest they fall into the hands of the CIA," was discounted as romantic chivalry; Allende would outgrow it in the presidency. Besides, had not Frei himself sanctioned the appearance of Fidel as a campaigner on Chilean TV? To be sure, Chile's own *guerilleros*, the MIR, were known to get their backing from Allende's Socialist Party, but for that very reason (it was argued with a certain plausibility) they would be suppressed as soon as Allende became President—especially since the candidate's principal support came not from his own party but from the Communists, Chile's strongest organization, with its known Muscovite distaste for the disorderly Maoists.

Only occasionally did Allende give a hint of things to come. Several times he angrily promised to put Chile's biggest

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paper, the hostile *El Mercurio,* and all the other enterprises of the powerful Edwards family that published it, out of business. Once, at a rally in Valparaiso, when he had been asked how he expected to keep his campaign promise of supplying every Chilean child with a quart of milk a day, he had replied: "Perhaps after running out of four-legged beasts, we'll start milking the two-legged ones."

Assuming the probable—that Allende's victory is confirmed by the Congress October 24, and that the traditionally law-abiding Chilean armed forces do not intervene—what is to be expected of Allende? And what response should our government make?

The four "assurances" now being demanded of Allende by frightened Christian Democrats have about them a Kerenskyan ring. Why *shouldn't* a good Marxist-Leninist, as Allende says he is, "assure the integrity" of the armed forces, the educational establishment, the press and the electoral process? The President of Chile appoints his own chiefs of the armed forces, just as he appoints state governors and other key officials; the service chiefs in turn appoint their own deputies; within a year or two at most the armed forces should be officered by Allendistas. Higher education in Chile has been controlled by Marxists for a decade—no need for any regrouping there. Control of the press has already been prepared for by Frei, through an unrevoked emergency decree. The decree was actually used when two papers were seized "temporarily" during the Army's "pay strike" some months back, and most recently when Malcolm W. Browne of the *New York Times* was refused entry to cover the elections; but if employing the decree were deemed inexpedient, nothing could be easier than to stop government advertising or cut off *El Mercurio's* supply of paper. As for elections, Fidel in 1959 had no reluctance about promising them, and neither should Allende.

Allende hasn't promised (though he has hinted at it) that he will follow the Cuban precedent of turning every landlord's home and apartment building into a "cooperative" run by its tenants. But many Chilean landlords, fearing that he will, have already fled to Argentina. Meanwhile, however, he will proceed with socialization slowly, beginning with the expropriation of the larger American companies and the remaining sizable landholdings—measures which even the official Christian Democrat candidate advocated. . . . No doubt there *will* be elections in 1976: elections confirming Allende's rule if the Communist Party approves of it, otherwise elections to endorse a single slate of that party's own candidates.

The United States' reaction to a Communist Chile would seem to be predetermined by its mistakes in the past. Our traditional support in Latin America for such corporative giants as United Fruit, Standard Oil and Anaconda, has played into the hands of Communist propaganda seeking to identify these extractive *"pulpos"* (octopuses) with an "imperialism" allegedly directed from Washington and motivated by the "soulless greed" of a culture dedicated to selfish "materialism." It isn't that any of these companies has failed to pay higher wages than their native competitors (they invariably have) or that they haven't supplied the modern technologies and investment capital the underdeveloped countries so desperately need; it is rather that they have ignored the life-styles and ethnic sensibilities of their hosts, and failed completely to present their own positive contributions to the various economies through adequate public relations. (Why, for example, was Che Guevara's armed aggression—uncalled for and entirely unsupported in Bolivia—turned into a propaganda triumph on walls from one end of the country to the other last year, with not a single scrawl celebrating Gulf Oil's achievement in giving Bolivia a petroleum and natural gas industry? No wonder Gulf was expropriated without a word of Bolivian protest!)

U.S. Intervention?

But for the future of our influence in Chile, the situation is not hopeless. A good beginning was furnished by the scrupulous neutrality of our Embassy during the campaign—a neutrality that Allende himself acknowledged. Any intervention in Chile—military, political or economic—would not only give Allende the emotional backing of the two-thirds of Chileans who didn't support him, but a charisma throughout Latin America far surpassing Castro's. The Soviet Union (as I shall attempt to show in subsequent articles on Peru and Bolivia) is in no position to supply the technology and investment we have been supplying—or to supplant our potential cultural influence either, if we make it as readily available.

President Nixon's determination to channel U.S. development aid henceforth through international agencies, to give preferential tariff treatment to products from underdeveloped countries, to stop tying development loans to purchases of goods and services in the aiding nation, and to have the World Bank insure investments against expropriation, are all steps in the right direction. Chile, as Peru and Bolivia are doing already, will inevitably give American companies *short-term* contracts to re-enter their economies as soon as these steps are taken—and as soon as it becomes obvious that Marxian socialism has done no more than spread the existing poverty and arrest the slow but steady progress toward self-sufficiency. President Nixon has also wisely asked for a reversal of our trend toward economic isolationism. And if Congress goes along with his requests of September 15, this stepped-up aid and technological assistance should be directed in a massive flood toward such South American democracies as Colombia and Venezuela—until such time as the Marxist-oriented Andean countries *ask* for their share of it on mutually acceptable terms.

When Nicanór Parra, the poet-mathematician whose verse was becoming more popular than Neruda's among Chilean youth, attended a White House reception recently, the publication in Chile of his photograph talking to Tricia Nixon not only caused his name to be stricken from the roster of Tomic's supporters but promised to terminate his literary career. Parra wrote the newspapers explaining that his opposition to the Vietnam war was as strong as ever, but the damage had been done. When I asked Neruda on Election Day whether this treatment of his friend wasn't a bit cruel, he replied: "One can't sit on two chairs." No doubt he remembered the savage attack a columnist in Havana had made on him two years ago following the ovation he had received at a reading in New York.

Why are Latin American artists so sensitive about accepting the few crumbs of recognition we have tossed their way? Perhaps because there have been so few crumbs. A political motivation is automatically suspected. And this is why a change in economic policy toward Latin America will not be of itself enough. Tied to it must be a genuine cultural exchange on both the student-teacher and poet-artist levels. For Latin America's anti-*gringo* complex hurts Latin America—by providing a scapegoat for its own shortcomings—as much as it hurts us. □

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YAF 10

Reunion in Sharon

C. S. HORN

BARRY GOLDWATER talked about the problem of Executive control over middle-level government management. Strom Thurmond talked about the psychological moment in riot control. Buz Lukens spoke fervidly, John Ashbrook relaxedly, Phil Crane in detail, Clifton White and Jerry Harkins as expert campaign managers, about conservative involvement in political life. There were reminiscences of the early days—conservatism in the Thirties and Forties and Fifties—and of the early days of the organization itself, in the Sixties. Waggoner Carr welcomed the delegates with a ringing plea for faith in the American ideal and action in accordance with that faith—and thereafter, in workshops, conferences and panel discussions, the faith and the possible courses of action were discussed and detailed. Awards were given—among others, to Texas for the best large-state YAF organization, to Washington (State) for the best small-state YAF organization, to Massachusetts for its state publication, to Wisconsin for its *Badger Herald*, to Indiana for the *Alternative*—these three reflecting YAF's struggle for the media. And on Saturday, the first day of the second decade of the Young Americans for Freedom, the whole assembly moved to Great Elm, to enjoy the hospitality of Mrs. William F. Buckley Sr., to join in an additional series of awards and in the planting of a new elm to replace the great tree which succumbed in 1957 to the ravages of time and disease, and to listen to John Ashbrook's relaxed remarks, to Al Capp's denunciation of fakery and fascism on the Left, and to a strangely quiet speech by William F. Buckley Jr.

The occasion, of course, was "YAF 10," the Tenth Anniversary Celebration of the Young Americans for Freedom. It was, unquestionably, a success—testifying both to the ability and hard work of Randy Teague's National Office and Jim Altham's Connecticut State YAF, and to the fact that just now, on the Tenth Anniversary, YAF is a healthy organization. It was hard not to be conscious of the difference between Hartford 1970 and St. Louis 1969, not least because of an almost total cessation of arguments on libertarianism versus traditionalism.

In essence, the celebration was designed, whether by accident or purpose, for two groups of conservatives. For those who were active in 1960, YAF 10 was a reunion—Doug Caddy, Bill Cotter, Bob and Sandra Croll, Joe Leo, Alan MacKay: echoes of ancient Young Republican battles, Goldwater for Vice President, the Siege of St. Paul, NSA in 1961; reminiscences into the night, over the breakfast table, on the road to Sharon. For those just starting out (yes, give their names too as representatives of others whose names you do not know; they are not less important, they are in fact the future of YAF)—Dan Keyes, Kevin Morrissey, Rick Petrucci, Rocky Rees—YAF 10 was a chance, not often given, to learn and more than that to participate in the traditions of YAF and the legends of battles gone by; for contact with the men who made the legends, an inspiration not only political but personal. It is proper that two men in particular be singled out for their contribution to this second purpose, two of the old guard who went out of their way to engage the new members (should one say the new guard?) in these legends and traditions, in this personal contact beyond that which had been expected of them: Congressman Phil Crane, who remained to talk with members long after his speech and question-and-answer period were over, and from YAF's National Board, Joe Leo, who must have had no sleep at all, and no voice left, from conversations, disquisitions and songs, who more than anyone else made it evident that conservatism can be, and is, fun.

EVERYONE WOULD HAVE his own personal highpoints from the celebration: I adduce mine not because of their intrinsic importance but as evidence of what the Tenth Anniversary Celebration was like. There was Dave Keene walking in cold as a substitute for Phillip Luce on campus unrest, speaking for 45 minutes in one of the best talks I have heard him give, and the whispered admiration of a member near me, "My God, he knows everything." There was the anticipatory chuckle and wider-than-usual grin when Al Capp realized that a member of the audience was asking him a question (on dormitory hours) for which he had a prepared answer—and there was also his serious analysis of Joe McCarthy (essential agreement with Whittaker Chambers), of the Beat Poets, and of the decay of the Beat Generation into drugs and self-love.

There was Sandra Croll denying vehemently that her husband was ever *that* far to the right of Louis XIV, as the arguments of ten and fifteen years ago came flooding back. There was the New York delegate (Joe Kutch) who spontaneously offered half his room to a weary reporter who had arrived roomless at 1 A.M. There was Barry, and applause from five hundred conservatives like the applause from 18,000 in Madison Square Garden in 1964, and the fugitive hope every time he said "let me remind you" that he would remind us how extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. There was the amazement that Frank Meyer should be scheduled to speak at 9 A.M., an almost universal in-joke. There was the green lawn at Sharon, and John Ashbrook asking where he could get a YAF 10 button to get into the swing of things, Mrs. Buckley Sr. saying "I wish my husband could have been here" and at the end Bill responding in a choked voice to the applause that would not die down.

And for me especially—not what I would call a high point, but what I will remember longest from YAF 10, I am sure—there was a time when my throat dried up and tears started forming in my eyes, when an award was given for the late Bob Schuchman, the first national chairman of the Young Americans for Freedom, sometime my roommate and my friend. It is late in the day for a eulogy to Bob, and I have written and published one already: nevertheless, to me, the great difference between St. Louis and Hartford, above and beyond the cessation of factional arguments, was that Bob's presence seemed somehow to be near off-stage at Hartford.

It was written of him, after his death, that he never let the fact he was engaged in what he took to be a sacred struggle

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for American liberty interfere with his perception that there was fun in every minute of it. I was talking to Jim Altham after the celebration was over, and in the course of the conversation, he said "I hope the kids have learned from this that conservatism isn't only a bunch of guys sitting in a room planning strategy: there's a tradition to it, and it's something you can enjoy." I listened to Joe Leo leading the chorus of "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Horrors of the Militant Extreme" (shades of 1964!)—it's possible I even joined in singing it. No more than a few dozen of those there—at most—had ever known Bob; but a faint hope is stirring in me that his humor, his perception, his lightness of touch, his delighted appreciation of the diverse strands that go into making up conservatism, have not (as I sometimes feared) died with him.

The middle generation of YAF was, on the whole, indifferently represented—except of course by Randy Teague (whose show it was) and Dave Keene and the rest of those who put it on and who are running Young Americans for Freedom this Year of Our Lord 1970. It must not be forgotten that, if it is the veterans who supplied the inspiration and the new recruits who benefited from it, it is those between who arranged it, and who are the current guarantors of the tradition.

And who are determining the direction in which YAF is going now. Again and again the note was sounded: radicalism is fragmented, discredited, disordered, dying, and in its death struggles it will pull our universities and our political system over with it if it can; it is up to YAF—because YAF is the only organization available willing to do it—to make sure the universities survive.

One thinks of Al Capp saying "By next spring the explosion at Wisconsin will not be remembered: they will be shooting people in Harvard Yard this fall." One thinks of Bill Buckley saying "I do not know what Sidney Hook thinks about Vietnam: I only know that there are two sides to this issue, ours and theirs, and if Sidney Hook reaches out to help us, I will not turn away." One thinks especially of David Keene, fresh from viewing the rubble of the Army Math Research Center at Wisconsin, setting YAF on a collision course with the radicals. And one hopes—I fervently hope—that the delegates at YAF 10 will go back to their colleges, their communities, their high schools, with a renewed dedication to Young Americans for Freedom and what it stands for, a renewed sense of loyalty to the traditions of conservatism, (if you will) a renewed solidarity.

It was, as I recall, Bob Schuchman who in a moment of madness in the year of the original Sharon Conference taught the members of the Party of the Right at Yale to sing "Solidarity Forever." Doubtless he did so in jest and most of the words are hideously inappropriate to the Young Americans for Freedom. But I am reminded by YAF 10 that when a group is inspired by a common loyalty and devotion, when this "inspiration through the worker's blood shall run/There shall be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun," and it is these members of YAF, not the radicals, not the SDS, who are truly the workers for a better world, not on the ashes but on the traditions of the old.

I hope in a year's time it will be said truly that the spirit of YAF 10 lives on in Houston. □

The Sharon Statement

In this time of moral and political crisis, it is the responsibility of the youth of America to affirm certain eternal truths. We, as young conservatives, believe:

That foremost among the transcendent values is the individual's use of his God-given free will, whence derives his right to be free from the restrictions of arbitrary force;

That liberty is indivisible, and that political freedom cannot long exist without economic freedom;

That the purposes of government are to protect these freedoms through the preservation of internal order, the provision of national defense, and the administration of justice;

That when government ventures beyond these rightful functions, it accumulates power which tends to diminish order and liberty;

That the Constitution of the United States is the best arrangement yet devised for empowering government to fulfill its proper role, while restraining it from the concentration and abuse of power;

That the genius of the Constitution—the division of powers—is summed up in the clause which reserves primacy to the several states, or to the people, in those spheres not specifically delegated to the Federal Government;

That the market economy, allocating resources by the free play of supply and demand, is the single economic system compatible with the requirements of personal freedom and constitutional government, and that it is at the same time the most productive supplier of human needs;

That when government interferes with the work of the market economy, it tends to reduce the moral and physical strength of the nation; that when it takes from one man to bestow on another, it diminishes the incentive of the first, the integrity of the second, and the moral autonomy of both;

That we will be free only so long as the national sovereignty of the United States is secure; that history shows periods of freedom are rare, and can exist only when free citizens concertedly defend their rights against all enemies;

That the forces of international Communism are, at present, the greatest single threat to these liberties;

That the United States should stress victory over, rather than coexistence with, this menace; and

That American foreign policy must be judged by this criterion: does it serve the just interests of the United States?

September 11, 1960

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RUSSELL KIRK

DOES COLLEGE RADICALIZATION STICK?

FROM THE ACADEMY

That college and university life nowadays leads many students into curious courses, I need not bother to demonstrate, friends. Whether (despite the earnest efforts of faculty radicals and liberals) college permanently affects the politics of college graduates may be another matter.

True, there exists a tendency for young people who enter college to break in some degree with the conventions and customs and beliefs of the communities from which they came; this is nothing new. They may return to those customs and conventions after leaving the campus and maturing. Various sociologists have been attempting to measure the degree of influence that college exerts nowadays upon students' social and moral opinions. The most recent effort of this sort to be brought to my attention is a piece by Dr. Theodore M. Newcomb, professor of sociology and psychology at the University of Michigan (an institution where there occurs today a good deal of breaking of the cake of custom—if you hadn't heard). Dr. Newcomb, who is the author of a recent book called *The Impact of College on Students*, more recently wrote for the Center for Research in Learning and Teaching, at Ann Arbor, a memorandum entitled "What Happens to Students in College?"

Professor Newcomb's own attitudes are not unusual among behavioralists. He equates "conservatism" with stupidity, and calls adherence to norms "authoritarianism." With the impact of college upon students, however, he is not wholly satisfied: the destruction of "conservative" and "authoritarian" beliefs has not proceeded fast enough.

Most conspicuous among the changes that occur to college students, Dr. Newcomb writes, "are a decrease in conservatism and dogmatism, an increased interest in intellectual pursuits and capacities in independence, dominance, and self-confidence, and a greater readiness to express rather than to inhibit impulses." (This last might be illustrated by the destruction of the Mathematics Center, and of one of its researchers, by free spirits at the University of Wisconsin—my own observation, I hasten to add, not Professor Newcomb's.) "Generally speaking, then, shifts away from conservatism are the rule among mid-century American college students."

Yet other people in the same age-group shift similarly—those who don't go to college, and those who drop out; the change merely "is more pronounced in those who remain in college for two years, and still more in those who complete four years of college." We must not rejoice inordinately: "Even when the average changes in conservatism or authoritarianism over four years are statistically significant, as in many (but not all) studies, they are not dramatic. Relatively few students (judging from the few studies that report individuals' *degrees* of change) shift from extremely conservative to extremely liberal positions, or vice versa. Indeed, those studies commonly report a positive correlation —usually at rather high levels—between freshman and senior scores for the same individuals."

Failure of Mission

Can it be that politicalizing of students —or indoctrination by professorial ideologues—doesn't take as it should? About two decades ago, some scholars of Dr. Newcomb's kidney, at Michigan State College, ascertained the beliefs of entering freshmen on a great many matters, and then asked the same students the same questions when they graduated. Among the questions were these: "Do you believe that brother and sister should have sexual relations?" (Do keep your minds open!) "Do you believe that if you want a thing done well, you must do it yourself?" (You do? Don't you realize how wondrously efficient college committees are?) Alas and lackaday: the graduating seniors, these MSU researchers discovered, entertained the very prejudices they had suffered from when they were freshmen. The Friendly Campus had failed in its mission.

With a melancholy scarcely veiled, Professor Newcomb reports that "By and large there is not much evidence that faculty members are directly responsible for whatever impacts colleges have on their students." The obdurate students most resistant to the liberalizing influence of professors are members of fraternities: upon the Greek Letter folk, there is little discernible impact of "changes in Family Independence, Social Conscience, Cultural Sophistication, and Liberalism."

Moreover, the mass scale and impersonality of the typical American campus nowadays diminishes the influence of professors upon students. The chief ray of light comes from RCs—not Roman Catholics, but Residential Colleges, those "newly-instituted 'living-learning complexes'"—where resident sociologists, say, can more effectively break down creeds outworn.

But Dr. Newcomb does not despair of liberating the students at Behemoth University from the superstitions of the childhood of our race: residential colleges might do it. "In days to come, it may be that small units of large universities will best provide those conditions."

Cheerfulness will keep breaking in. Yet I have another vision of the collegiate future, chum. This glorious work of sociological emancipation has proceeded so far that colleges may cease to exist at all—even physically; even Holy Sociology may not be exempt, for already these students with untrammeled intellects have applied dynamite to the Center for Behavioral Studies at Stanford. Beholding the guillotine's work converted the atheist La Harpe into a Christian; and even such as Dr. Newcomb may be saved—after tribulation. I do hope that the U of M's Center for Research in Learning and Teaching has plenty of security guards, and that its basements are searched nightly. When one has taught the rising generation how to eliminate limits, juicy liberalisms often end in fractured atoms. □

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DELECTATIONS

Movies Were Better Than Ever

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

BABY, IT'S COLD outside. A driving mid-February ice storm lashes the building, and brrrh!, it's cold inside too. Ronald Colman and party are staggering the last few windswept feet to the entrance of the magical valley they call Shangri-La. . . . It's still cold, but tonight is clear, the roads plowed and sanded. Inside Mr. Micawber (W. C. Fields) comforts a forlorn Freddy Bartholomew. We can relax. The worst is over. Basil Rathbone will not beat David Copperfield again. . . . The lights have come on too fast. Judy Garland has just caught sight of Gene Kelly, the doughboy draft dodger returned a hero from the wars, in the audience. She rushes down. They embrace. "The Bells Are Ringing," they sing. Firecrackers! Flag! Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue, and everybody weeps. . . . Into the night walk Humphrey Bogart and Claude Rains as the plane that carries Ingrid Bergman and Paul Henreid from Casablanca to safety disappears into the distance to the background refrain of "As Time Goes By."

Sing it again, Sam. Play it again, Sam and hey, someone, why can't we see it all again—all of them, all those entrancing movies they were turning out in the Thirties and Forties—minus cuts, minus commercial breaks, at a more convenient hour than 11:30 P.M.?

Years ago, Marvin Liebman, everybody's best friend at NATIONAL REVIEW, gave a New Year's Eve party in his New York apartment. But so worried is Marvin that even his nearest and dearest and best beloveds may bore him for so much as a single instant that he took the precaution of renting two movies. One for the earlier part of the evening (9:30-11:30). Then champagne break. Happy New Year. Kisses all around and—for the young of heart and strong of head—Marvin's Late Show, *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle*. . . . Well, if Marvin could do it in a small apartment, why can't. . . . And thus six or seven years later (it takes time to get some of us moving again) the Sharon Old Movie Enthusiasts (SOME) was born.

Its Czar and Czarina are Ted and Alice Mix of Sharon, Conn., their daughter Madeline ("Mad Mads") and Jane Smith, who lives up the road but seems to have a great deal of business to transact with the Mixes, especially at noontime on weekends, over a Bloody Mary. Ted, who is in the mail order business himself and knows about these things, not only suggested that they order some movie catalogues but turned up with them in hand, at the next Saturday meeting. They found that there are great numbers of 16 mm. movies, black and white, and color, available for home showings. The prices range from $22.50 for the earlier, shorter two-reelers, all the way up into the $75 range for the more contemporaneous *Those Daring Young Men in their Flying Machines*.

They tried one series to see how it would go, and whether it could be financed. Eight movies at 8:00 on eight successive Thursday nights in the fall. Why Thursday? Because that's the night I drive out from New York, that's why, and I happen to be related (mutual parents) to Jane Smith. At first it was decided that eight people would be asked to host the show, one each week, but the first one was held at the Mixes and the second and . . . and then young Mads built herself an apartment ("The Madhouse") in a long barnlike structure which today is probably the only fully equipped movie theater-efficiency apartment in northwestern Connecticut. Or the world.

SOME charged $15 a person a series and $2.50 each for guests. That first season they borrowed the movie projector from the local pre-prep Indian Mountain School. Between 25 and 35 people subscribed—the list was limited arbitrarily because that was the number of people who could comfortably be seated. And it was, as Hollywood press agents used to say, *smash, sro*.

The first year SOME had three series, one in the fall, one after Christmas, one in the early spring. By year's end they had bought their own projector and a fancy professional screen that pulls down from Madeline's ceiling. The price of admission includes coffee, beer and drinks between the reels. The movie starts promptly at 8:05 P.M. The guests, by now superbly trained, empty their ashtrays, bring back their glasses, say good night and leave within ten or fifteen minutes of the end of the movie, carrying their folding chairs with them to be stacked inside Ted and Alice's warehouse next door. Madeline provides the drinks from the petty cash and is also allotted $4 for a cleaning woman the next day. The movies arrive by parcel post, four or five days ahead of the scheduled showing, are put back into the case unrewound and sent off the morning after the show. And Mads who is, in addition to hostess and theater owner, the #2 projectionist, also manages to send out weekly announcements to all club members with a small perky personal note. (When Jane and Alice are left in charge of the projector, there is a general quiet hovering around of gentlemen with itchy fingers and a gentle droning undertone of advice.)

AND SO THEY COME, many of them lonely older people—the oldest regular moviegoer is in her late eighties—night after winter night, on nights when they wouldn't go out for anything else, to hum along with Bing and Frankie and Fred and Gene, to ride the Western trails with Cooper and Wayne and Reagan, to trip the light fantastic with Rogers and Astaire, to laugh with Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Irene Dunne, with Cary Grant, Fred MacMurray, W. C. Fields and a host of others. It's nostalgia revisited.

And it's highly undemocratic, ruled in absolutely tyrannical fashion by the Mixes and Jane Smith, whose discussion around a Bloody Mary just Saturday before last centered around what condign punishment they would mete out to a club member who had dared to suggest that SOME run an occasional serious or uplifting film, or possibly an artistic foreign import. Some movie clubs might, some but not SOME. And the beauty of it is that any handful of people in America, given the energy, can set up their own club and run whatever films they like.

To know Maddy Mix helps. □

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Spokesman for the Political Tradition

Agnew: Profile in Conflict
By Jim G. Lucas
Scribner, 160 pp., $5.95

HARRY V. JAFFA

This workmanlike little book, by a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, is a welcome addition to the political literature of this critical midterm election year. It is not at all improbable that Mr. Agnew will prove to have been the most important phenomenon of the first two years of Mr. Nixon's Presidency. The fate of the Nixon Administration almost certainly depends upon how the elections go this fall; and the key campaigner, it would seem, will be the Vice President. He is reported now to have raised more than $3 million for party coffers and to be more in demand as a speaker than the President himself. There can be little doubt of his popularity with what, in the current phraseology, is called the silent majority, or Middle America.

Notwithstanding the astonishment of the media, Mr. Agnew's rhetoric is performing a political function hallowed by the oldest American political traditions. It may be unusual that the rhetorician should be the Vice President, but even for that there is precedent. Who of us old enough to remember will forget the denunciations of the Democrats as the party of "twenty years of treason," or the attack on the "Acheson college of cowardly Communist containment"? It was Mr. Nixon who in those days took the "low road" while Ike took the "high road."

And let us not forget that Richard Nixon's career as a national figure began with his brilliant performance with the House Committee on Un-American Activities—a performance superbly chronicled in Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*. It was Nixon alone of that Committee who failed to be mesmerized by the resplendent stuffing in the shirt of that splendid scion of the Establishment, Alger Hiss. It was Nixon alone who at the crucial moment refused to be overawed by a social circle that included Dean Acheson, John Foster Dulles and Felix Frankfurter. It is difficult today to recapture the state of mind that saw in Harold Stassen a figure of dignity to redeem the Eisenhower Administration from the blot of Nixon. In point of fact, what eventually relieved the strain was Nixon's eclipse as a gut (or gutter) fighter by the late junior Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph P. McCarthy.

It is not generally realized what a blessing Joe McCarthy was to the Eisenhower Administration. His sensational career frightened both anti-Communists and anti-anti-Communists into Ike's camp. The former, because of fear that Democrats would be soft on Communism; the latter because of fear that McCarthy might lead a radical right party to power. Nixon meanwhile gained acceptance even among liberal Republicans as the lesser-evil lightning rod for militant Red-hunters. Meanwhile he steadily broadened his political base within the Administration, becoming increasingly identified with the whole range of Eisenhower's consensus policies.

Mr. Agnew's first political break was somewhat different from Nixon's. In the 1966 Maryland governor's race he was the liberal giant killer of the George Wallace-type candidacy of Democrat George T. Mahoney. The latter's campaign was summed up in his slogan, "Your Home is Your Castle—Protect It." Mahoney had won the Democratic nomination on the open housing issue, over the darling of Maryland's liberals, Rep. Carleton Sickles, by the margin of 146,152 votes to 145,118, with Tom Finan, standard-bearer of the party machine headed by Governor Tawes, receiving 133,149 votes. The primary had thus split the Democrats badly, producing the classic opportunity for the nominee of a minority party. Democrats-for-Agnew clubs sprang up around the state, including such luminaries as former Secretary of State Dean Acheson. In the general election, Agnew received 50 per cent of the vote, Mahoney 40 per cent, and Hyman Pressman, Baltimore city controller, running as an independent, 10 per cent. However, Democrat candidates for state comptroller and attorney general on Mahoney's ticket won easily, and the Democrats retained control of both houses of the state legislature.

Agnew got on well with the Democrat legislature. Indeed, he was well on his way to becoming a modern Republican governor on the model of Nelson Rockefeller—the man who was to become his original choice for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1968. Then in April of 1968 came the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., and the riots which followed in Baltimore. While the looting and burning were still going on, Agnew called a meeting of Negro leaders in his office, and gave them something of a tongue-lashing.

HE BEGAN BY NOTING THAT the men before him were self-made men, and that their success was proof that the American system worked. He praised them for having recently rejected the gospel of hate and violence preached by Stokely Carmichael. But, he said, in the present crisis their courage had deserted them—no black man would criticize another black man, whatever his motives and whatever his deeds. "I publicly repudiate, condemn, and reject all white racists. I call upon you to publicly repudiate, condemn, and reject all black racists. This, so far, you have not been willing to do." He concluded with this appeal—the theme of all the speeches since then that

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have indeed made him a household word. "Let us publicly and promptly renounce any who counsel or condone violence. Let us acknowledge that we have a real stake in our society. Let us proudly proclaim our patriotism and our recognition that no nation in the world offers such opportunity. The fiction that Negroes lack any opportunity in this country is dispelled by the status of those of you in this room. As Thomas Jefferson said nearly two centuries ago, 'With all the imperfection of our present government, it is without comparison the best existing, or that ever did exist.' "

TO APPRECIATE WHAT Mr. Agnew has been doing this past year, it is necessary to understand that American political parties have always performed two very different functions. One is to provide the electorate with *alternatives,* and the other is to seek out the ground for *consensus.*

The complex relationship between these two functions I have sketched in my essay on "The Nature and Origin of the American Party System" (Chapter I of *Equality and Liberty,* Oxford, 1965). As Samuel Lubell has argued, in *The Future of American Politics,* major policy differences tend to be fought out within the majority party; they are seldom campaign issues dividing the two major parties. The minority party is almost invariably a "me-too" party, accepting in principle the consensus upon which the majority party has agreed.

An American party represents a significant *alternative* only when the *consensus* to which both major parties have for a long time subscribed, no longer serves. Characteristically, this is a time of deep crisis. The years 1800, 1832, 1860 and 1932 were years when old ruling coalitions dissolved, and new ones were formed. All involved crises of the regime, in which the question of what the form and substance of the polity was to be, or in what it should consist, was the paramount question. There is no more deceptive myth concerning American history, than that political differences in this country have not been concerned with fundamental principles. The great moments of American political parties are always those in which they appear to themselves, not as the more choiceworthy of two equally legitimate major parties, but as the embodiment of a legitimacy that has, in some radical way, been called into question.

Not every regime crisis involves a party contest. The crises which were resolved by the compromises of 1820 and 1850 were sectional, and cut across party lines. The collaboration of Whigs and Democrats in 1850 was possible only because the Northern and Southern leaders agreed to disagree on the merits of the slavery controversy. But the country would not continue to agree to disagree on this momentous question. As a result the Whig Party began to break up almost immediately, and the Democrats before the decade was over. After 1850, a new consensus in American politics could be fashioned only by a party capable of dealing forthrightly

with the great alternative. "I believe this government cannot endure, permanently half *slave* and half *free.*" Thus spoke Lincoln in 1858, posing the *alternative* which alone could make possible a new *consensus,* the old one having dissolved.

TODAY THE AMERICAN POLITY faces a crisis of legitimacy unparalleled since the era of the Civil War. Intense and influential elements in our society appear to be withdrawing their consent to be governed by the canons of representative constitutional government. Nullification and secession, in new guises, are again being asserted as rights. When the New Mobe, the Black Panthers or the Weathermen deny their obligation to obey laws they dislike, or establish enclaves into which the government may not venture without encountering violence, how does the situation differ from that in South Carolina in the spring of 1861? Mr. Agnew is virtually the only national statesman to mount a sustained campaign against the pernicious doctrines of selective obedience and selective resistance.

In the past year he has targeted three distinct, although sometimes overlapping groups. First, are those critics of American foreign policy who, although holding no office, nevertheless claim the right to decide policy. Second, those who would convert the campuses of America, from institutions of learning, to staging grounds for revolution. And third, those who, in the great industries of mass communication, share in varying degree the prejudices of the first two groups and bring those prejudices to bear in the reporting and editing of the news. The techniques of the dissidents range from nonviolent obstruction to bombing and sniping; but the principle underlying the obstructions is the same as that underlying the bombings: the denial of the lawfulness of constitutional processes, when those processes reach conclusions with which they differ.

In a recently syndicated article, Prof. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. held as notable of the Vice President "his lack of instinct for, or even interest in, public policy." This, he said, "will increasingly disturb thoughtful people." But thoughtful people, unlike this eminent critic, are aware that the crisis of the regime goes much deeper and matters much more than singular items of public policy. "He who molds public sentiment," said Abraham Lincoln, "goes much deeper than he who enacts statutes and pronounces decisions. He makes statutes or decisions possible or impossible to execute." Mr. Agnew is addressing himself to that level of public policy formation that underlies all the others: the level at which it is determined whether the government can or cannot carry out any policy.

A surprising feature of Mr. Agnew's speeches, which are liberally excerpted in the last two chapters of Mr. Lucas' book, is that there is virtually nothing in them, other than formal references to party occasions, to distinguish the Republican from the Democrat. They are defenses of the American form of government, to which a man of either party would subscribe.

Mr. Agnew is the defender of the traditional middle of American politics, but it is only the alarming accident that programmatic utopian doctrinaire liberalism has so greatly infected the ranks of the old Democratic coalition, that a Republican Administration must now

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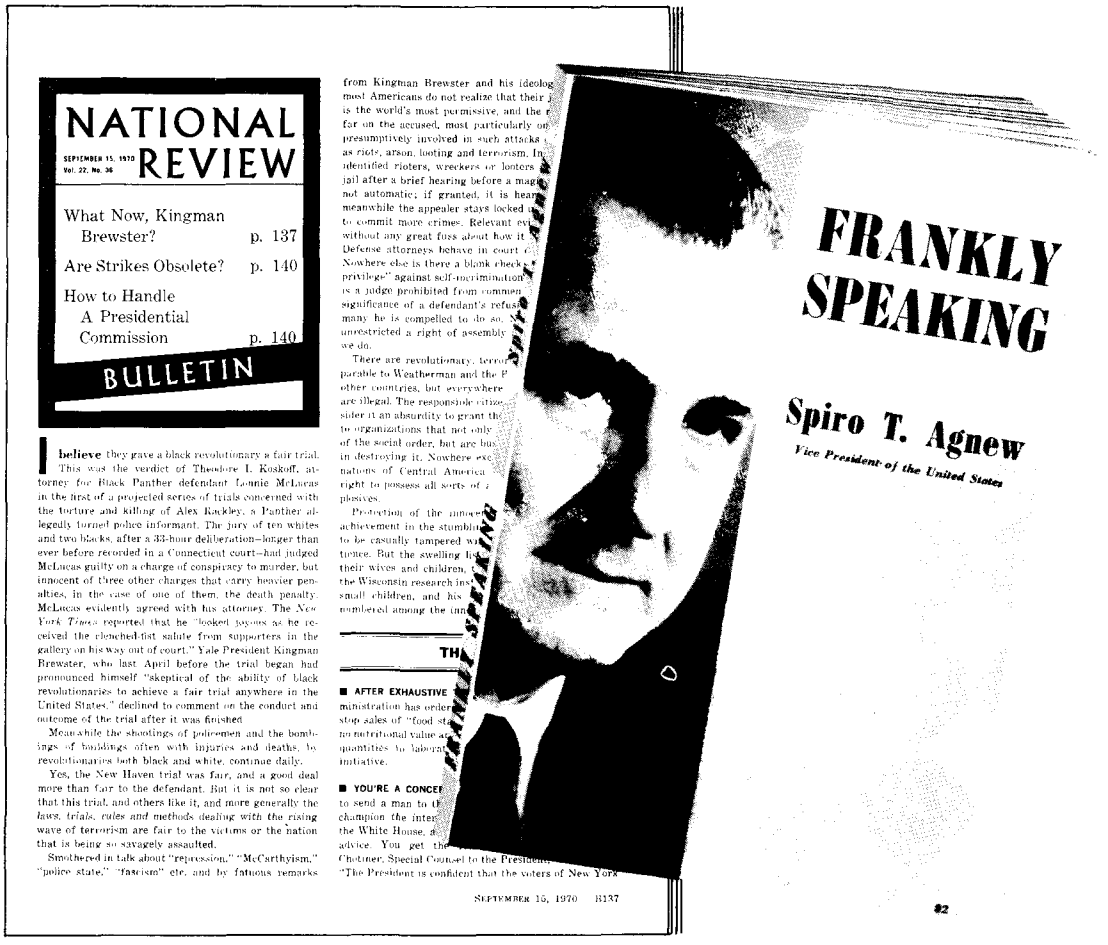
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I believe they gave a black revolutionary a fair trial.
FRANKLY SPEAKING
Spiro T. Agnew
Vice President of the United States
SEPTEMBER 15, 1970 3137

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give leadership to the center of both parties. Still, I predict that, as this campaign year progresses, many Democrats will begin their addresses by denouncing Mr. Agnew, while devoting the remainder of their speeches to paraphrasing him. Let us hope, however, that the voters will give credit where it is due. In these sad times Middle America needed the Vice President's articulateness and self-confidence to assure them that the flag—and what it stood for—was still there. □

Montgomery: The Field Marshal
By R. W. Thompson
Scribner's, 344 pp., maps, $8.95

GREAT CAPTAIN; POOR DIPLOMAT

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

This is a perceptive and thoroughly readable book which comes closer to a clear presentation of the highly controversial Field Marshal Montgomery than any previous effort in that direction. The author, after serving in the British army as an infantry officer and in the intelligence branch, became in 1944 a war correspondent with a roving commission which was wholly unhampered by deadlines—a state of affairs which to this

reviewer, who throughout the four years of World War II remained shackled to a schedule of fourteen deadlines a week, appears the acme of bliss for a wartime analyst.

Captain Thompson certainly made the most of his freedom of action. In this book he has given his readers a cool, balanced, straightforward assessment of Montgomery as a soldier—an assessment so objective that one is inevitably reminded of Othello's admonition—"nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Montgomery appears to have owed his appointment to command the British group of armies in the cross-Channel attack of 1944 to his public image in Great Britain. The American military chiefs—including Eisenhower, who was to be Supreme Allied Commander in the great effort—expected Alexander, with whom Eisenhower had worked smoothly and happily in the Mediterranean, to be the British choice. "But the bells pealing out to proclaim victory in the desert [at Alamein] had pealed for Montgomery. He had become Britain's man of destiny, her soldier of good fortune, her 'lucky general'." Also, adds our author, Montgomery himself, "supported by every agency of government and the power of the press, had been long resolved that this great prize should be his."

Preliminary planning for the invasion —code-named OVERLORD—had made substantial progress, on lines which Montgomery told Churchill and Eisenhower he agreed to, "although, as Montgomery saw it, the Prime Minister and the Supreme Commander had agreed with him and not he with them. Things invariably had to be that way round." However, he contrived from then on to give the impression that the preliminary plans were not much good, although in fact they were and remained the essential framework from which OVERLORD was launched. "To have given full credit to the work of his predecessors," notes Captain Thompson, "would have seemed to Montgomery to depreciate his own massive contribution. He could rarely bring himself to a gracious acknowledgement, and very swiftly contrived to forget that there had been anything to acknowledge."

HE INSISTED ON BEING appointed commander of all ground forces for the actual assault, which was probably essential; but he continued to assert that this over-all ground command would extend

RANDOM NOTES

■ TWO NEW BOOKS from Louisiana State of special interest to *NR* readers: *The Basic Symbols of the American Political Tradition* by the late Willmoore Kendall and George W. Carey ($6) and *Language Is Sermonic: Richard M. Weaver on the Nature of Rhetoric* (Oct., $6.95). . . . You begged for it. Now it's here: *Where Are We Headed?* by Walter Cronkite (Public Affairs, $4.50).

■ OUT THIS MONTH: *NR*'s Nika Hazelton is serving *Hamburger!* (S & S, $2.95). Whereas Jimmy Hoffa is serving catnip to Kennedy watchers in *The Trials of Jimmy Hoffa* (Regnery, $7.95). . . . Delacorte issuing *The Memoirs of Marshal G. Zhukov* ($15). . . . *Luther* by Richard Greidenthal is already a bestseller in Germany (Harcourt, $9.50). . . . *American Violence*, by Richard Hofstadter and Michael Wallace, is a 400-year survey of us savages (Knopf, $10). . . . John Hersey, now safely retired from Yale, blames the over-thirties for the May riots in *Letter to the Alumni* (Knopf, $4.95).

■ MORE CHRISTMAS BONBONS: *Norman Rockwell, Artist & Illustrator* spans 1912-69, boasts over six hundred illustrations (Abrams; $45 through Dec. 31, then $60). . . . *Gertrude Stein on Picasso* includes 117 photographs and reproductions (Liveright; $14.95 through Dec. 31, then $17.50). . . . *The Fireside Library of Baseball* comes in three volumes, boxed (S & S, $26.85). . . . *Shakespeare* by Anthony Burgess has 48 color plates and one hundred halftones (Knopf; $15 till Dec. 31, then $17.50).

■ NOVEMBER TITLES: *My Father: Joseph Conrad* is by son Borys (Coward-McCann, $5.95). . . . *Maurice Baring Restored* is an anthology of the least known member of the triumvirate that included Chesterton and Belloc. Edited by Paul Horgan (Farrar, $12.50). . . . Not one to miss a bandwagon, International is bringing out *The Emancipation of Women*, selections from that premature anti-sexist, V. I. Lenin (paper, $1.95). . . . Liveright, now *New Republic*'s book subsidiary, offers *Afternoon in the Jungle: The Selected Stories of Albert Maltz*, of the Hollywood Ten ($5.95). Also from Liveright, a reprint of E. E. Cummings' 1931 collection, *Viva* ($5). . . . *The Penguin Book of Socialist Verse*, not a put-on, includes Whitman, Rimbaud and Bob Dylan (paper, $2.45).

Sure to be widely reviewed is Herman Kahn's *The Emerging Japanese Superstate* (Prentice-Hall, $8.95). . . . Red Barber recalls all the great sports announcers in *The Broadcasters* (Dial, $6.95). . . . *A White House Diary* is by Lady Bird (Holt, $10). . . . Karl Dietrich's *The German Dictatorship* due for a big play, and not likely to be hurt a bit by revived interest following the Speer memoirs. Introduction by Peter Gay (Praeger, $12.95). . . . Robert S. Elegant writes on *Mao's Great Revolution* (World, $10). . . . Gerald Schomp, ex-JBS Florida coordinator, records his falling-out with the Society in *Birchism Was My Business* (Macmillan, $5.95).

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beyond the point at which there would be an American army group under Bradley in the field, and Montgomery would —under Eisenhower's orders—revert to the command of the British-Canadian 21st Army Group only. His conduct of the battle in the Normandy beachhead was a masterpiece; but "his conduct off the field was a major blunder. He does not seem to have understood the importance of the Supreme Commander. Apart from winning the battle for Normandy, Montgomery's most important task was to gain Eisenhower's full confidence and respect. In this he failed. It was a grave and irreparable error of judgment, for by this means alone might Montgomery, and through him Britain, have done more to shape the course of victory."

The point Captain Thompson is making here is one which he continues to press with vigor and persuasiveness throughout the rest of his book: and it is a point well worth keeping in mind today. The British, with their long experience of European wars and European peacemaking after wars, knew instinctively that enduring peace in Europe must rest on a balance-of-power principle. Hitler and his Nazis must go; but Germany must continue to exist as an element in a West European coalition strong enough to contain the Russians.

That viewpoint was not shared by the Americans—soldiers or politicians. They wanted to destroy Germany for Hitler's sins. It was madness, as the event was to prove; war strategy conducted with the British aim specifically in mind could well have served the needs of European and world peace far more effectively. The British soldier who might have helped bring this about was Alexander; Montgomery simply did not have the right set of psychological tools for that job. Neither, unfortunately, did Eisenhower, who regarded the fate of Berlin as "a political abstraction."

Captain Thompson has a blind eye for Eisenhower's merits as an Allied commander in chief, and ascribes his careful handling of his immediate subordinates to weakness, which is both unfair and untrue. Not since Marlborough has any general so skilfully—and successfully—commanded the armies of a great-power alliance. What Eisenhower lacked was the British historical insight which they had learned from bitter experience. It is too bad that Montgomery treated him with scorn as a military amateur, instead of recognizing gifts to which his own self-appreciation made him blind. □

Order and Progress: Brazil from Monarchy to Republic
By Gilberto Freyre
Edited and Translated from the Portuguese by Rod W. Horton
Knopf, 422 pp., $12.50

The Loss of El Dorado: A History
By V. S. Naipaul
Knopf, 327 pp., $7.50

The New Latins: Fateful Change in South and Central America
By Georgie Anne Geyer
Doubleday, 340 pp., $7.95

THREE ON LATIN AMERICA

SELDEN RODMAN

Astonishing, isn't it? After all that has been said, from Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe to John Kennedy and Richard Nixon, about the importance of understanding our hemispheric neighbors, how little we know about them—and how little we seem to care. John Gunther's second "Inside" report was helpful in establishing the political foreground with personality and revealing anecdote, but it explained very little about the background and almost nothing about the cultures. Such a masterpiece of biography and political insight as Gerhard Mazur's *Simon Bolivar* (University of New Mexico Press) has been virtually unnoticed in the United States and totally neglected in Latin America, where the devastating light it throws on Hispanic political irresponsibility is presumably unwelcome.

Between them, the three books under consideration in this review add notably to what we need to know, though each is confined to its author's special sphere of interest with a singlemindedness that tends to spurn the general render. Thus the scholarly sociologist, Freyre, overwhelms one with the minutiae of his nineteenth-century Brazilian names and *mores*. Naipaul, the brilliant novelist, loses his thesis (and this reader, for one) in his misguided attempt to include as "personalized" history *all* the data of an obscure historical backwater. And Georgie Anne Geyer becomes so bemused by her agility as a reporter, hopscotching a continent without giving dates or connectives, that the reader, bogged down in the ephemera of interminable interviews, loses sight of her penetrating insights into the Latin American psyche.

In his preface to *The Mansions and the Shanties*, the second part of Gilberto Freyre's great tetralogy on the civilization of Brazil, Frank Tannenbaum observed that with the initial volume, *The Masters and the Slaves*, Freyre had succeeded "in changing Brazil's image of itself. . . . The only other country in Latin America where a similar development has taken place is Mexico. But there it required a bloody revolution, untold suffering, and the loss of a million lives. In Brazil it was accomplished by one man and one book." This was true; and in the second volume—and now the third, which deals with the transition from empire to republic—"One sees, through Freyre's eyes, a people emerging through time, with all of their foibles, heroism, laughter and tears, as if through a movie camera."

The startling revelation of Freyre's third volume is that the overthrow of the monarchy on November 15, 1889, was a *conservative act*. Dom Pedro II had been a paragon of Victorian liberalism, carrying forward the principles of the French Revolution (and even to some extent of the Bolivarian authoritarian system) in his own stuffy but "enlightened" way. He was anti-clerical. He disdained bankers and sordid men of commerce. He thought uniforms silly and military men anachronistic. He loved all underdogs, especially the Negro slaves; and when he finally freed the latter in 1888, that was too much for the one class that still supported him, the slaveholding landowners.

Dom Pedro was overthrown, or rather, in typical Brazilian style he was politely asked to leave—and later elevated to the pantheon of authentic national heroes. The Republic, as characteristically, was established by a Field Marshal, and the ex-slaves were admonished to take their places in the New (Comptean) Order of class- and race- harmony—at the bottom. Which they did with little grumbling. Industry flourished, a middle class began to prosper and absolutely nothing was done for labor, the sharecropper, or the black masses who had little but their ethnic equality to console them. Predictably, when a reformist wave swept Brazil at the turn of the century, it was propelled by those like Pinheiro Machado and Gilberto Amado who demanded a monarchist restoration, and above all by Prince Luís de Orleans-Bragança who advocated —state socialism!

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Obviously there is much more to the third installment of Freyre's classic than this. He points out that it was the great achievement of the conservative republic to give Brazil a sense of its own destiny as an indigenous tropical culture integrated with its natural surroundings; to transfer leadership from romantic intellectuals like Ruy Barbosa and Benjamin Constant to pragmatic Mineiros and Paulistas with the drive to open up the country, however ruthlessly; and to preserve Brazil's unprecedented homogeneity by such acts of legerdemain as turning the tarnished image of "Pedro Banana" into that of a national saint. How castor oil as a laxative promoted the national unity, why pajamas replaced nightshirts, the role of toothpicks in the Indianist mystique, the sexual significance of the cult of *hair*, the proliferation of the grand piano as a status symbol—the marshaling of thousands of such details in Freyre's rich prose will have to await the reader with a will to immerse himself in an exotic experience almost as demanding as *Finnegans Wake*.

A great deal less pleasurable is the voyage into the past undertaken by the alienated Trinidadian, V. S. Naipaul. For one thing *The Loss of El Dorado* is a chronicle of unmitigated human depravity, from the gold-mad Conquistadors who ravaged South America and enslaved its Indians, to the English mercantilists and abolitionists of the Caribbean who propounded the virtues of their superior civilization while giving the Negroes they brutalized hardly a taste of it. For another thing, Naipaul obviously relishes stringing up his villains and then slashing at them mercilessly.

There are no good planters, no reformers without base motives. Every idealist turns out to be a hypocrite. Simón Bolívar is nothing but a self-serving Spaniard who "betrayed" Miranda. Thomas Jefferson is a cynic quoted as saying (Naipaul never reveals his sources) that the United States will happily fatten off Europe's wars. Trinidad, the black component of which Naipaul clearly scorns, is regarded as an island incapable of sufficiently reviving from British neglect to produce a culture of its own—though it is in the process of doing just that—Naipaul's fiction included. The page of encomia from English reviewers on the jacket of this book is a depressing testimonial to the guilt-ridden masochism of the intellectual Establishment.

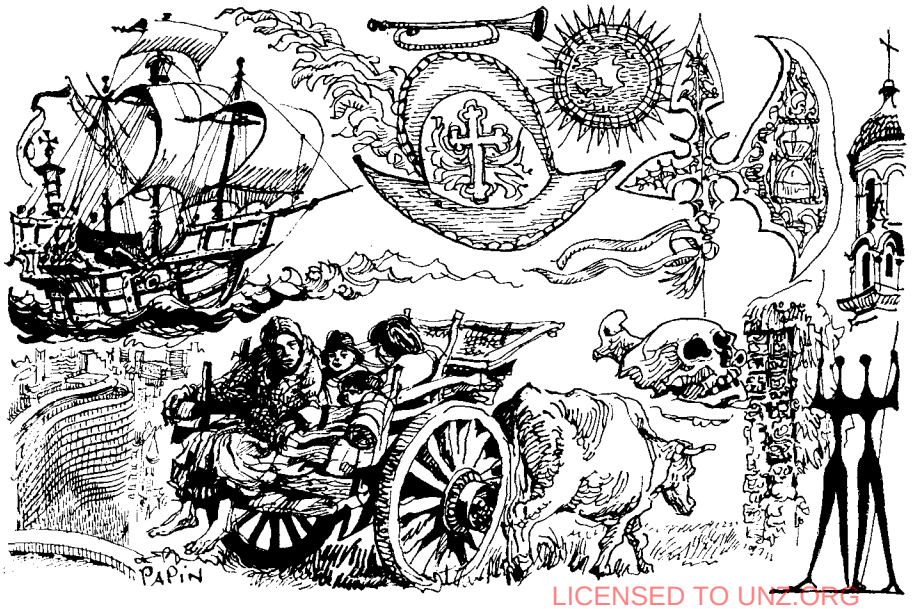
The New Latins couldn't be more different. It is affirmative, optimistic, compassionate and truth-seeking. Though lacking Naipaul's sophistication and cruelty, Georgie Anne Geyer manages to probe such Latin-American hangups as *machismo* as no one else has (or dared to) before:

> In the past the *macho* has been the Latin American ideal, and he is one of the major reasons why Latin America has never amounted to anything. *Machos* do not work together. *Machos* are not real patriots because they use instead of help. *Machos* are incapable of selfless dedication, of sharing power, of political gallantry. When they lose, their instinct is to kill. When they conquer, their instinct is to gloat. When they love, their instinct is to use. They are incapable of long-term work, of scientific experiment, of the patient investigation that builds civilizations. They cannot acknowledge defeat, and they spend their days crying "fraud" about the winner and plotting the downfall of those who do succeed. They are incapable of anything not immediately rewarded by sexual pleasure, unfettered power or social adulation.
>
> They can be charming, but they are men who inflict and hurt and humiliate. Perhaps worst of all, they are men who are incapable of creating modern societies.

Probably only a woman could write this. But the reader should not infer from the exaggeration in the first sentence that the author is unappreciative of the great men who *are* changing Latin American patterns in their various ways. Eduardo Frei, Father Vekemans, Germán Arciniegas, Gilberto Freyre, Archbishop Helder Cámara (how they hate and yet respect each other, those two Recifeans!), Alberto and Carlos Lleras, General Velasco and Castro—each is given his due.

Miss Geyer is most trenchant when discussing the absolutism of the student-intellectuals, and that sick love-hate relationship with the United States which makes self-criticism and the practical solution of problems so difficult. "The lower classes," Miss Geyer adds cogently, "can absorb anti-Americanism, as in Cuba, but they have to be taught it." It is from these "marginal" people, their pragmatic "Nasserite" leaders, and such radical but non-Marxist priests as Vekemans, that Georgie Anne Geyer sees a new Latin America emerging. □

Radical Libertarianism—A Right-Wing Alternative
By Jerome Tuccille
Bobbs-Merrill, 109 pp., $5.00



LIBERTARIAN INTO ANARCHIST

DAVID A. KEENE

Jerome Tuccille is a former YAF member who has written a little book called *Radical Libertarianism—A Right-Wing Alternative*. Before you rush out and buy it though, you should know that the author no longer considers himself a conservative. He has come to the conclusion that modern American conservatism is morally and intellectually bankrupt and that those of us who champion it are little more than apologists for a fast emerging fascist regime in this country.

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Mr. Tuccille is one of a number of self-professed libertarians who followed Karl Hess out of the movement and into the revolution. Like Hess, who did a squib for the cover of Tuccille's book, he believes that something called Anarcho-Libertarianism is the answer and that all of us who refuse to embrace it with him are part of the problem.

Like a number of others in his camp, Mr. Tuccille withdrew from Young Americans for Freedom last fall when the organization's membership refused to renounce their conservatism in favor of the vague anarchism that he and his friends advocate. In fact, a significant portion of his book is devoted to the much publicized libertarian-traditionalist confrontation that supposedly took place last fall in St. Louis at YAF's biennial national convention.

UNFORTUNATELY, Tuccille is a horrible reporter. The convention he describes in his book and the one that was actually held are only superficially similar. The anarcho-libertarian faction becomes much more powerful and much more important in the retelling. Actually, it consisted of only a handful of kooks and gate-crashers, some of whom bragged that they were members of SDS as well as YAF. They weren't even able to come close to cracking the conservative (traditionalist and libertarian) coalition that has guided the organization since its founding ten years ago.

At the time of the convention, Hess, Tuccille and company claimed a significant following, but the crowds they drew reminded one of curiosity seekers, who might show up to watch Allen Ginsberg recite poetry while standing on his head in the nude, rather than of ideological sympathizers. The fact is that few YAFers were very enamored of Mr. Tuccille and his friends: thus, the mass exodus of members that they predicted if the group didn't abandon its "conservatism and senseless anti-Communism" never materialized. In fact, the organization's repudiation of the Hess/Tuccille position might explain its fantastic growth since that convention.

Mr. Tuccille justifies his anarchist philosophy by taking the standard libertarian positions a step or two further. Thus, he doesn't want merely to reduce the power of the central government, he wants to abolish it. He also wants to legalize all drugs, sell the streets, and even the Military-Industrial Complex. His problem seems to be that he has gotten carried away by one of several facets of what we know as "conservatism." I think that most of us share his stated desire to maximize individual liberty, but I suspect that we might disagree with his assumption that state power alone is the source of all our troubles. Man unfortunately is not the innocent victim of perverted institutions that Tuccille visualizes. He is in fact much more complicated than that and one hopes that Mr. Tuccille will never have to witness a revolution to see how wrong his simple assessment really is.

This is not to say that everything he says is wrong-headed. He sees some of the problems of our cities rather clearly and seems to recognize the causes behind this country's institutional educational crisis. Some of his specific proposals are indeed worth reading, but he can't seem to resist the temptation to drift into anarchistic theorizing.

Thus, though he makes a number of valid points, his anarchistic fervor invariably gets him into trouble. For example, while most of us would agree that big government is bad, Tuccille sees all government as inherently evil. He would do away with it completely so that we might all live "within a framework of respect for, and willingness not to violate, the equally valid freedom of each and every individual in society." Sounds fine, but it presupposes a great deal and I wonder whether the average mugger really has the kind of respect for my rights that Mr. Tuccille's society would require.

ACTUALLY, THE AUTHOR might be forgiven his vague utopianism, but for his willingness to side with America's enemies at every opportunity. He, like Karl Hess, seems to feel that anyone who opposes the state is his friend. Thus, he rejects the warnings of those who have cautioned against alliances with the Communists and New Leftists and explicitly urges those who believe as he does to enter such alliances wherever and whenever possible.

I am afraid I just can't see how an individual who purports to believe in individual freedom can argue a case for the Black Panthers, the SDS and the Vietcong. And yet this is what Tuccille manages to do. He thinks the leftist cry of "Power to the People" sounds fine, but never seems to ask himself who the "People" are. Alliances such as he advocates are, to my mind at least, immoral and hypocritical, and very dangerous. Tuccille and Hess may think that they are playing the leftists they are so chummy with for suckers but one wonders who is using whom.

Worse still is his tendency to identify with and adopt the arguments of the Left. He denounces the United States role in Vietnam and our willingness to shore up a "fascist" regime there. He feels that the Vietnamese probably prefer the Communists anyway and for good reason. He takes the position that the cold war is our fault and that the Soviet Union entered the arms race merely to protect itself from us.

After all, we built the first bomb—and used it. *We* have *them* surrounded and it's no wonder they are afraid of us. Sound familiar? It should because you've heard it all before. It turns out that Mr. Tuccille's alternative isn't very right-wing after all. □

ART

PLATO ON POP ART

GEOFFREY WAGNER

(Socrates and Glaucon meet in the Noetic Lounge of any Student Center)

Well met, Glaucon.

Likewise.

How's by you, today?

I can't complain.

Seems like only yesterday you and I were discussing this drag about imitation in art, man. Namely, whether the painter "may be thought to imitate that which originally exists in nature, or only the creations of artisans."

Then as now, Soc, I reply (as the excellent Jowett translated me), "The latter."

In the interim, it appears, someone called Croce, an anxious Italian, called me on this subject "the author of the only great negation of art which appears in the history of ideas."

Well, there's certainly no accounting for the hangups of certain modern thinkers, Soc. There's even one scholar who considers you to have been secretly jesting throughout the whole of the Tenth Book of the *Republic* yet!

Such a one can only have come from Chicago. But tell me, Glauc, do you remember my point at that time, that an artist is at several removes from the truth? If you recall, I took the example of a bed.

And you might even take it again, huh? But remind me of my foreknowledge, Soc. I've had rather a lot of mid-terms to study for just lately.

What I said was that in this world a

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carpenter is the proper maker of a bed.

Who else? I'm sure I agreed already.

As usual, you were kind enough to do so. And we further concurred that, in relation to the original form of the bed, we could fairly designate the painter as "the imitator of that which the others make." We thus called him "third in the descent from nature." He imitated the imitation of a carpenter.

Soc, old soul, I'd like to imitate myself by replying—"Certainly."

Yet a bed has recently been shown as a work of art in a New York gallery, Glaucon. And a film been made of a man asleep.

More Grove Press junk, most likely. There's no accounting . . .

Furthermore, an artist who achieved some notoriety lately by exposing his bed*clothes* in a similar gallery was

awarded first prizes at the Venice Biennale and the Corcoran Museums in Washington. Now, I have here before me a cardboard carton containing two dozen fourteen-ounce bottles of Heinz tomato ketchup—"The World's Largest Selling Ketchup." It was exhibited in a New York gallery as a work of art and reaped a pile of obols.

Agathon must be out of his mind.

But is this an imitation of an imitation, or is it merely an imitation? Is the artist who exhibited this, one Andy Warholos, "the imitator of that which the others make or not"?

Evidently not.

Palpably not. He has in no way tampered with this ketchup carton, he has merely exhibited what others put together. So much is this the case that Canadian Customs refused to allow similar artifacts to pass into their country classified as works of art. Several plagiarism suits are, it seems, still under way. So we may restate my questions thus (or thuswise): Is the art of Andy Warholos "an imitation of things as they are, or as they appear"?

"Of appearance."

Glauc, I fear you're a trifle slow this morning. Might I counsel against overmuch of that Athenian wine that Manischewitz has been sending you. What is said was (according to Jowett) that "a painter will paint a cobbler, carpenter, or any other artist, though he knows nothing of their arts." Which is to be thrice removed from the reality. Andy Warholos, on the other hand, in company with his successful colleague Robert Rauschenbergon, has implied that every human thing is of serious importance and that therefore, by definition, or at least, by my definition, no divine thing is of any importance. He has suggested that the artist cease to create, in the sense of rendering an inferior degree of truth. He is, that is to say, unconcerned with the soul and instead of being a manufacturer of images he has become a manufacturer.

Then we shall be once more right, Soc, in "refusing to admit him into a well-ordered State."

Not so.

Hey, not so? What's the idea, Soc?

No, Glauc man, because the art of Andy Warholos is not one that "awakens and nourishes and strengthens the feelings and impairs the reason." He does not indulge the fantasy in any way, nor allow "the honeyed muse to enter." Thus for the profitable ordering of "our State" Andy Warholos (hairpiece and all) is the *only* kind of artist who should be permitted to remain.

Sock it to me, Soc! I'm beginning to dig. Right on. For in this way our cat with the wig—I mean, uh, this devoted artist—is "not to be regarded seriously."

Bang on. He has reached the highest degree of utility to "our State." Instead of imitating he transposes. The Heinz carton is today in a supermarket, tomorrow in Knoedler's. The artist has become a delivery boy. A messenger yet!

I have been convinced by your argument, Soc, as I believe that anyone would have been . . .

Skip that, Glauc. The thing is, what you doing after Physics, man? What say we rap? Agathon is in one of his moods. You know how it is.

Boy! I sure know how it's *going* to be. Wow!

Man! Take that example of the bed now. . . . □

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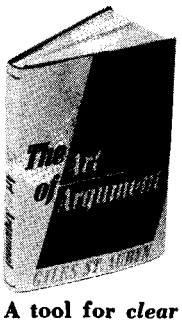

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

VINH LONG, *by Harvey Meyerson (Houghton, xxiv and 220 pp., $5.95).* Long experience in the Vietnamese Delta convinced Harvey Meyerson, an American journalist and historian, that "reform is a device for altering political, social and economic conditions with a minimum of political, social and economic disruption. It has some validity in America. In America, I said." The appeal of this finely wrought book, for me, is three-pronged: It is a solid case study of an individual locale, the sort of book that I couldn't bear to write but which is vital for general theorists to consider; it gives an excellent argument for the other side of the issue, that side most of us don't buy; and it presents a challenge, through its meticulous use of raw material, that must be countered by those who would present an alternative set of conclusions. The merciless reality of a single province, to use Mr. Meyerson's phrase, cannot be expanded into the total reality of the whole region. But if pacification can work to bring the countryside under Saigon's control, then it should work in Vinh Long. And if peace comes to Vietnam, it must come to Vinh Long too. What seems most to be lacking in Vinh Long is the indigenous desire for renewal without which "Vietnamization" cannot be achieved. To Mr. Meyerson, the "rhythm" in Vinh Long is wrong—wrong, that is, if our objectives are to be realized. His case is well put, and even occasional passages overwritten to the bloating point don't wash it away. Somehow, his descriptions of death in battle are among the most effective and least heavy-handed. The greatest weakness in Mr. Meyerson's book is its leap from tiny Vinh Long to the implied conclusion for all of Vietnam, which doesn't necessarily follow—the fallacy of extension. But I—and all who go out on the lecture platform to defend America's presence in Southeast Asia—must, I'm afraid, take Mr. Meyerson's effort seriously. It's quite apparent that if we can't refute his arguments, we can't defend the war in a convincing manner.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

OUR OWN PEOPLE, *by Elizabeth K. Poretsky (University of Michigan, $7.95).* In a letter written at the height of the great purges to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Ignace Poretsky, Soviet spy from 1919 to 1937, wrote: "In 1928 I was awarded the Order of the Red Banner for services to the proletarian revolution. I am enclosing the decoration. It would be beneath my dignity to wear an order also worn by the executioners of the best men of the working class in Russia." Two months later Poretsky was murdered in Switzerland. This is his story, told by his wife. But it's also a larger story, the story of the consolidation of European Communist parties into a Soviet-controlled monolith. Mrs. Poretsky brings a fractured age to life with a string of splendid anecdotes. She paints a fascinating picture of the post-WWI debris of the old Austro-Hungarian empire and its complex relationships with Russia, "just across the river." Her memories of the squalor of Stalinist Russia remain vivid, and she successfully recreates the sense of fear which permeated the most minute aspects of daily life (a friend warns her not to joke about Stalin's low forehead. And means it). There are amusing insights into the attitudes of national Communist parties. (In the Dutch CP there were Stalinists and Trotskyites. But they *all* were royalists.) But best of all are the character studies of her fellow revolutionaries, the best of them motivated by a naïve and even touching faith in the rightness of the cause. Hard for an anti-Communist to admit, but for a while we believe that maybe they did indeed stand a chance of making things better, of bringing heaven to earth. A tribute to Mrs. Poretsky's art. A generation of revolutionaries, pure and idealistic. And so wrong.

J. R. COYNE JR.

CARTE BLANCHE FOR CHAOS, *by Lillian R. Boheme (Arlington House, 238 pp., $7).* The Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders (the Kerner Report) was published in March 1968. It was intended as an official diagnosis of the causes of urban rioting. Of course, it was much more than a diagnosis. Almost half the Report was given over to prescribing programs that would cost money but would prevent future rioting. The Report's prescriptions did not sit well with the Report's diagnosis: It was not made clear how any amount of money, however judiciously spent, could eliminate the "white racism" which, according to the Report, was the real cause of the trouble. Tom Wicker, who wrote the introduction for the *New York Times* edition of the Report, declared that the Report "derives its most devastating validity from the fact that it was drawn by representatives of the moderate and 'responsible' Establishment" and, as is occasionally the case, Mr. Wicker had about half a grip on about a third of a truth. That is, the Report derives its depressing significance from the fact that it reflected the thinking of men in positions of public trust. Mrs. Lillian R. Boheme believes that the ideology which underlies the Report is related in interesting ways to the causes of the riots. She is convinced that this ideology does more damage to the nation than riots. She tends to distribute the label "collectivist" as imprecisely as the Report's enthusiasts distribute the label "white racist." But she has spent her considerable energies in a worthy cause: she has dismembered a theory which causes chaos, intellectual and physical.

G. F. WILL

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1031)

period. Mr. Justice Jackson was as eminent a "legal scholar" as Mr. Williams and the United States Supreme Court as distinguished a tribunal as the Brooklyn federal judge to whom you refer.

Since the constitutional issues which you raised are not within the special competence of your general reading public, I trust, in the interest of fairness, that you will give the same publicity to Mr. Justice Jackson's opinion in the Sawyer Case.

New York, N. Y. JOSEPH LOTTERMAN

Mr. Williams Replies

Mr. Lotterman, if I understand him correctly, argues that Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. v. Sawyer, 343 U.S. 579 (1952), commonly referred to as the Steel Seizure Case, somehow, at least as applied to our entry into Cambodia, over-rules or at least conflicts with the doctrine of Myers v. United States, 272 U.S. 52 (1926), that Congress may not restrict the President in the exercise of powers and duties vested in him by the Constitution.

Mr. Lotterman comments on your syndicated column. That column quoted passages from my *NR* article—an article Mr. Lotterman did not have before him at the time he wrote his letter. That article expressly distinguished the Cambodian issue from the Sawyer Steel Seizure Case.

In any event, the distinction is nicely pointed up in the third sentence of the extract from Justice Jackson's opinion quoted by Mr. Lotterman, viz., that the issue in the Steel Seizure Case related to the President's "mastery over internal affairs." President Truman had seized the domestic steel industry through an executive order to a civilian officer, viz., the defendant Secretary of Commerce Sawyer, on the ground that otherwise steel production for the Korean War would be adversely affected. No statute authorized the seizure. The Korean War was waged by President Truman without any declaration of war by Congress. The point made by Justice Jackson was not that the President could not engage in an undeclared foreign war, but rather that he could not enlarge his domestic powers by doing so.

As regards Cambodia, the issue is, of course, as to the constitutional validity of orders issued by the President as commander in chief. Justice Jackson in no respect challenged the President's right to do so without congressional interference. In fact, Justice Jackson later in the same opinion said that he would "indulge in the widest latitude of interpretation to sustain his [the President's] *exclusive function* to command the instruments of national force."

In passing, I remark that I am extremely familiar with the Steel Seizure Case, hav-

(Continues on page 1071)

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Gerald Kersh:
Mr. Tomorrow

It seems extraordinary how, as soon as a man comes to power, there's a spitting image of him on every street corner; but it's not remarkable, really, because most demagogues are a pretty common type of guttersnipe, café loafer, and man-about-the barber-shops.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1069)

ing been Secretary Sawyer's personal counsel throughout the episode.

The ruling of the Myers case was that the Tenure of Office Act of 1876, restricting the power of the President to remove a class of officers appointed by him was unconstitutional. The Constitution imposed upon the President the duty to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." The Court held it inconsistent with the discharge of this duty that the President be so restricted. Obviously, to over-rule orders issued by the President as commander in chief, or to forbid that he issue any order that he might have under consideration, as the Church-Cooper Amendment would do, is a more direct interference with a constitutional power than the statute before the Court in the Myers case.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

One Father's War on Marijuana

New York, Sept. 10—A few months ago I offered to send out a report by a Canadian psychiatrist on the effects of marijuana to any readers who requested it. I was—to be fair, my office was—overwhelmed by the response. Thirty thousand readers asked for a copy of the findings. With a few of these I struck up a correspondence. One of them sent me a copy of a letter he had sent to two of his sons. I must pass it along.

Dear Sons: M. N., after your spring vacation, suggested to me that you were both smoking pot. Your headmaster, John, let fall a cryptic remark whose innuendo I chose not to accept. Your final report, Jim, excellent as it is, does mention a lessening in your community participation over the past several months. The main complaint from your headmaster about you, John, is that you have this past year "retired" from the school and school activities and withdrawn into yourself.

These attitudes of withdrawal are precisely those outward manifestations mentioned in the Toronto medical report I left with you before saying goodbye. If you have read that report carefully, you will realize that the effects of pot or hash are deleterious mentally and psychologically, as well as being cumulative. In the flight from reality, there is a certain schizophrenia. The main difference between these drugs and alcohol, as again pointed out by the report, is that alcohol abused may lead to intoxication; but with drugs the *immediate* goal is intoxication.

Respecting the harder LSD and Mescaline, anyone who experiments with these has to be very stupid, very immature or nuts. Here, the medical findings are beyond dispute.

Returning to hash and pot, let me remind you of the following: 1) the laws, rightly or wrongly, are stringent, and they are being energetically prosecuted; if you are caught in possession of these drugs, or smoking them, you are liable to severe fines and prison sentences. 2) Medical evidence—such as the Toronto report—mounts against these drugs, indicating severe psychological and intellectual consequences. 3) Your uncle Herman is a national figure in the musical world; your uncle David is running for national political office. Your responsibility is not only and exclusively to yourself. 4) To the extent that you are mature young adults and responsible for yourselves, you ought to have the moral courage, really minimal, to reject any temptation toward this sort of dangerous and unlawful nonsense.

Since you began growing into adulthood, I have prohibited you very few things, relying on your judgment, your prudence, and your sense of right and wrong. If you write me back to tell me that what I have quoted above is a bunch of horsefeathers, I'll be thankful and, of course, believe you. If you write to say that you once experimented with pot but have quit it, I'll believe you, I'll be thankful, I'll be grateful that you have stopped; but I will be amazed that you have permitted "peer pressure" to so overweigh your judgment. If you write that you have experimented with acid but have quit, I will again believe you, be thankful and grateful that sound sense prevailed; but will not conceal my disappointment in a judgment that was prevailed upon to accept such a serious risk to your health and to break so serious a law. I will love you as always, but there will be a diminution of my respect for you and my confidence in you. It would be untruthful of me to say less.

Should I get solid evidence in the future that you drop acid or smoke pot, I'll take measures of a severity that I hope may never be necessary. You are forbidden by your father to do either.

THE TONE OF THIS LETTER is severe. I am not prejudging you. I am hoping for your avowals that you are neither heads nor acid freaks and I trust you so much that I am confident of receiving such avowals. And I refuse to believe that either of you would lie to me; or the whole tissue of our warm and intimate relationship will be destroyed. Should either of you have once indulged in pot or acid, or in pot more than once, you are commanded by me to stop, but I want to be taken into your confidence, I want to know why you may have done these things, and I want to help you if I am able: that is, having told you to stop, and you having stopped, I want to extend all the aid that I am able to bring you. Something perhaps drove or drives you to drugs, something we may be able to handle together in mutual trust and affection. The distinction in gravity between acid and pot is wide; but even in the case of the less-grave pot—nonetheless unlawful; nonetheless injurious—I am unable to come to your help unless you extend to me the confidence I extend to you.

Lovingly, Father □

REFLECTIONS ON VIOLENCE

Los Angeles, Sept. 8—Disconcerting times. Two days ago, taping a discussion with Mr. Maurice Stans, the Secretary of Commerce, I was discreetly approached by the producer, it having been announced to the audience of university students that one of the cameras had temporarily broken down. What actually happened, the producer whispered to me, is that someone just now called in to the central offices to announce that a bomb had been planted in the television studios. "What do you want to do?"—I thought it appropriate to defer to my guest. "What the hell," he whispered, "I'm ready to go on." Then he paused, noted that he was surrounded by students, in whose behalf he could hardly make such a decision; remembered that his wife was in the control room; reflected on the incident at Madison, Wisconsin a week earlier: all of this in a second or two, and out we all went into the street to wait for the police to clear the studios. That took a half hour, but we were not permitted to re-enter until one hour had elapsed since the phone call. You see, most timing devices—the kind you buy at Woolworth's—are good for only one hour. It would be unfair to the kids to make them buy the more expensive kind when they want to set off bombs.

A few days later, waiting to board a plane at JFK, the atmosphere was heavy with gloom. Sometimes violence is unintentional, and just two hours earlier, having risen to a height of two hundred feet, a DC-8, crippled by whatever-mixture of mechanical and human error, dove to the ground, killing eleven crew

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members. We boarded, and at Los Angeles, went over to reclaim our luggage, where we met policemen who pushed us away, demanding that we cross to the shelter of the other side of the street. A bomb. How long will it take before we can pick up our bags? "Hours."

One can hardly deny that the atmosphere is violent, remorseless, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, and very largely unfathomable. In New York they are speculating about why the Police Commissioner quit. One story has it that he quit in protest against Mayor Lindsay's refusal to credit a thesis that the cop-killing of recent weeks and months is concerted. It may be concerted, but one cannot imagine that there would be much less of it if it were not concerted. Words have consequences. When the rhetoric of, for instance, the Black Panthers is routinely accepted (kill the pigs), why should it surprise that some people proceed to kill the "pigs"? Simon & Schuster of New York City has exuberantly exploited a book by Jerry Rubin with an introduction by Eldridge Cleaver in which he recalls the moment of his supreme satisfaction, the occasion when he saw a policeman gunned down in the street.

A FEW YEARS AGO it had not occurred to anyone to hijack an airplane. Now rhetorical totalism makes it a day lost when there is not at least one hijacking. Notice that the motives are always political. I have not heard of a hijacking done for mercenary reasons—nothing so vulgar. The purpose is to theatricalize political resolution, or to press political vendettas. In Jordan three hundred passengers sat for five days in the desert heat, without sufficient food or water, without sanitary facilities—pawns in power plays in which they were totally uninvolved: while the heads of the oldest nations in the civilized West pondered ruefully the cost of submitting, or refusing to submit, to blackmail. Meanwhile an analysis from the *New York Times* concluded, gravely, that there really is no solution to the problem of hijacking; even as there is no way to stop people from dialing a television studio, or an airport, to announce that a bomb has been planted.

And it is true, there is absolutely no way of preventing people who get their kicks from that sort of thing, from using public telephones to sow their disruptions. But surely those who operate with almost guaranteed privacy draw their inspiration from those non-private persons who stick out their tongues at the conventions of civilization, knowing that they will get away with it? The hijackers who spirited off an airliner last spring were received in Cairo as public heroes. The name of Eldridge Cleaver is chanted reverently at rallies patronized by professors and priests of altogether secure social station in their communities. A young black is indisputably kidnaped, tortured, and killed in Connecticut, and the moral uproar is over the efforts made to apprehend and convict the killers. Nature has a way of providing a symbol to drive home excruciating ironies. Today's is the mission to teach peacefulness to the world, undertaken by the mother of Sirhan Sirhan. □

LET US PRAY

New York, Sept. 20—Up Boston way is a Catholic priest who is running for Congress, who just now beat the incumbent in the Democratic primary. His name is Robert J. Drinan, he is an ordained Jesuit, the Dean of the School of Law of Boston College, and the greatest threat to orderly thought since Eleanor Roosevelt left this vale of tears.

Father Drinan is, alas, extremely prolific. I find that sometimes that is the case when one is trafficking not so much in thought, as in the incondite matter which Fr. Drinan specializes in, and which his thoughtless sheep adore. Needless to say, the moral overlay is predictable. Father Drinan hates war, torture, genocide, racism and income disparities. In his book, *Vietnam and Armageddon: Peace, War and the Christian Conscience*, Fr. Drinan instructs all Catholics and all Christians in his moral code, commanding us to take it as our own, the assumption being, of course, that on moral matters Fr. Drinan's thought is greatly advanced over, say, that of the Pope.

Fr. Drinan, as a lawyer and as a trained Jesuit, is capable of being foxy, though one suspects that he is not quite lucid enough to know when he is being foxy. For instance, he writes: "If one accepts the stark fact that the United States can contribute to peace only by some courageous, unilateral method of slowing the arms race then it follows that Catholics in America are involved in a collective silence which makes the silence of German Catholics in the decade of Hitler's atrocities almost insignificant by contrast." Now the rhetorical burden of that sentence is very clear: American Catholics are guilty of unforgivable moral sloth. In fact, the operative phrase in the sentence, which gets lost in the fuzz, is crucial. What if one were to hear a priest say: "If one accepts the stark fact that the United States can contribute to peace only by a courageous recognition of the fact that Richard Nixon is a paid agent of the Communist conspiracy, then it follows that . . . " The point is that if the assumption is valid, so is that which deduces from it. It being my own judgment and that of approximately 99 per cent of the American people that unilateral disarmament would bring instant chaos and misery to the world, then the stark fact is that anyone who favors unilateral disarmament is, by conventional standards, stark mad.

Like Father Drinan? Well, now, the gentleman, as I said, can be crafty. He doesn't exactly come out for instant disarmament by the United States. At least not without a suggestion for an alternative which he describes as "an entirely new international order based on justice and motivated by brotherly love." If you think that there is already more pasta than is good for the system in that sentence, pray chew on the following: "For Christians and humanists who believe in the inviolability and sanctity of every human life, the imperious call to disarmament is a summons to subdue those fears that have made prisoners and cowards of the millions of people who are victims of the illusions and delusions of the nuclear era." The philosophical and verbal cholesterol in that sentence is enough to repeal the declarative thought.

What would we do about, say, Russian nuclear missiles, tanks, armies and submarines, under Father Drinan's new dispensation? Simple. We must come up with "a policy of passive resistance or militant nonviolence towards any nation which would seek to conquer America, seize our assets, and control our minds. . . . Disarmament would be accompanied by a warning to the entire world that the American people will not be governed by any foreign power. If conquered by superior military force, they will become a totally ungovernable people who will drive out the aggressor by highly sophisticated techniques of nonviolence developed, if need be, with all of the fantastic resources which America now puts in the hands of its military complex." I wish Father Drinan were running for office in Czechoslovakia.

Can we, then, simply assume that the poor gentleman is simply addled by idealism? That to skewer his thought is as pointless—as dastardly—as, say, to parse a sentence by Sam Goldwyn? Alas, Fr. Drinan does not leave us even with the kind of satisfaction we would have in dealing with Peter Pan. The question was raised, Well, Father, do you think we should abandon the military even where Israel is involved?

Well, ho ho ho, huh huh huh, eh eh eh, Father Drinan replied, "the United States must stand by its moral commitment to the survival of the Jewish state." The Elmer Gantry of disarmament hath spoken. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. He defeated Henry George and Theodore Roosevelt for mayor of New York City — 118 184 119 136 2 147

B. Where certain people go when others "sing" — 140 74 133 120 198 128 211 105

C. Something that all sports have, but golf and bowling do not have its opposite — 142 14 212 42 145 76 106 48 93

D. What *sometimes* occurs if you fail to feed the *parking meter* — 165 44 51 121 127 139 49 81 113

E. What an honest man can become (a dishonest man wouldn't have been hired) — 170 34 17 101 57 196 190 177 83

F. One who steals — 182 152 134 202 35 52

G. Spurious — 192 33 186 150 160 164 171 180 104 207 216

H. A *German aviator*, World War I — 221 148 7 161 187 169 181 97 84 55

I. A parasite that causes scabies in man and a *form of mange in* animals — 1 28 32 65 92 3 59 75

J. This criminal offense is less serious than a felony — 25 36 67 153 166 223 6 54 95 149 158

K. This ought not to be a token affair — 31 122 203 50 151 56 157 37

L. Put out of court, as a complaint or appeal — 96 173 19 156 193 107 9 191 179

M. A Scottish novelist (1828-1897) — 112 129 195 72 215 58 21 168

N. Outskirts — 159 45 85 60 16 39 141 23

O. To cause the downfall, ruin, or destruction of — 4 18 30 208 68 71 200

P. Failure to exercise the care that the circumstances *justly demand* — 163 22 53 103 116 137 172 176 205 224

Q. Unscramble CALICO TIP — 201 46 123 210 185 213 80 154 108

R. Given to stealing — 206 131 47 86 38 217 24 138

S. An especial target of the hate brigade — 82 61 40 132 220 26

T. Malicious burning of a building — 94 78 10 66 27

U. *Achillea millefolium* — 155 109 12 90 73 114

V. One kind of thief — 189 143 102 219 135 162 125

W. The crime of knowingly tendering or showing a counterfeit coin *to another with intent* to defraud — 124 110 194 178 144 222 62 214

X. To encroach on a person's privacy or time — 130 167 209 99 69 146 174 199

Y. To have an earnest or strong desire — 13 197 175 183 218

Z. The sister of Augustus and wife of Marc Anthony — 29 117 126 188 41 111 204

a. *An organization from* which workingmen derive benefits—and detriments — 70 87 91 98 5

b. *To burst open, as* capsules of plants — 43 79 115 20 63 89 8

c. A capital city — 15 88 100 11 64 77

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (*reading normally from* left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1070 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

				1 I	2 A		3 I	4 O		5 a	6 J	7 H	8 b	9 L	10 T	11 c	12 U	13 Y	
14 C	15 c	16 N		17 E	18 O	19 L	20 b	21 M	22 P	23 N	24 R	25 J	26 S	27 T		28 I	29 Z		30 O
31 K	32 I	33 G	34 E	35 F		36 J	37 K	38 R	39 N	40 S	41 Z	42 C	43 b		44 D	45 N		46 Q	47 R
48 C	49 D	50 K		51 D	52 F	53 P	54 J	55 H	56 K	57 E	58 M	59 I	60 N	61 S	62 W	63 b		64 c	65 I
66 T	67 J	68 O		69 X	70 a	71 O	72 M	73 U	74 B	75 I	76 C		77 c	78 T	79 b		80 Q	81 D	
82 S	83 E	84 H	85 N	86 R	87 a	88 c		89 b	90 U	91 a	92 I	93 C		94 T	95 J	96 L		97 H	98 a
99 X	100c	101E	102V		103P	104G	105B	106C	107L	108Q	109U	110W	111Z	112M	113D		114U	115b	116P
117Z	118A		119A	120B	121D	122K		123Q	124W	125V	126Z	127D	128B	129M		130X	131R	132S	133B
	134F	135V	136A	137P	138R	139D		140B	141N		142C	143V	144W		145C	146X	147A	148H	149J
150G		151K	152F	153J	154Q	155U		156L	157K	158J	159N		160G	161H	162V	163P		164G	165D
166J	167X		168M	169H	170E	171G	172P		173L	174X		175Y		176P	177E	178W	179L		180G
181H	182F		183Y	184A	185Q	186G	187H	188Z	189V	190E	191L		192G	193L	194W	195M	196E	197Y	198B
199X		200Q	201Q		202F	203K		204Z	205P	206R	207G	208Q	209X		210Q	211B		212C	213Q
214W	215M	216G	217R	218Y	219V		220S	221H	222W	223J	224P								

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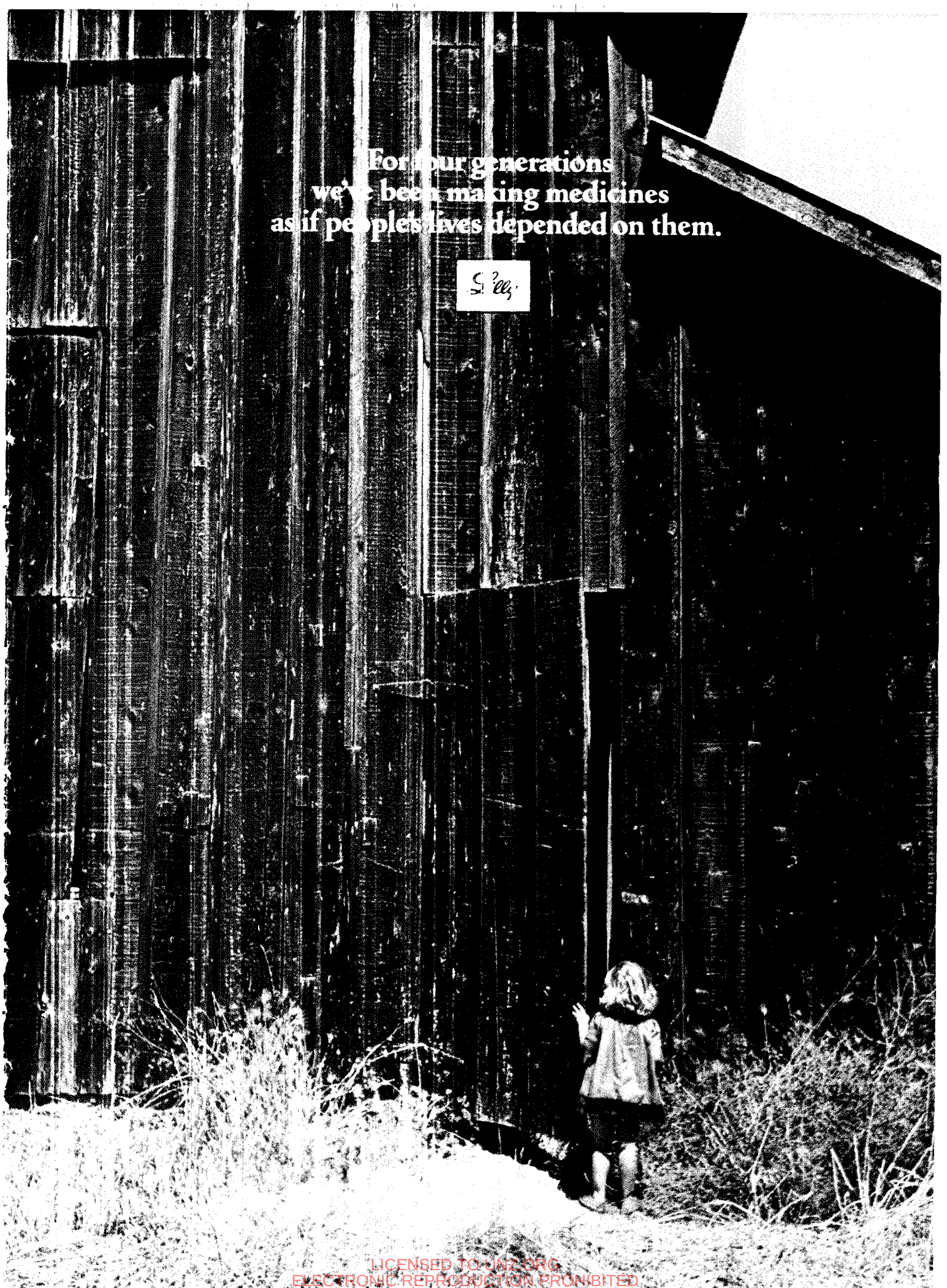

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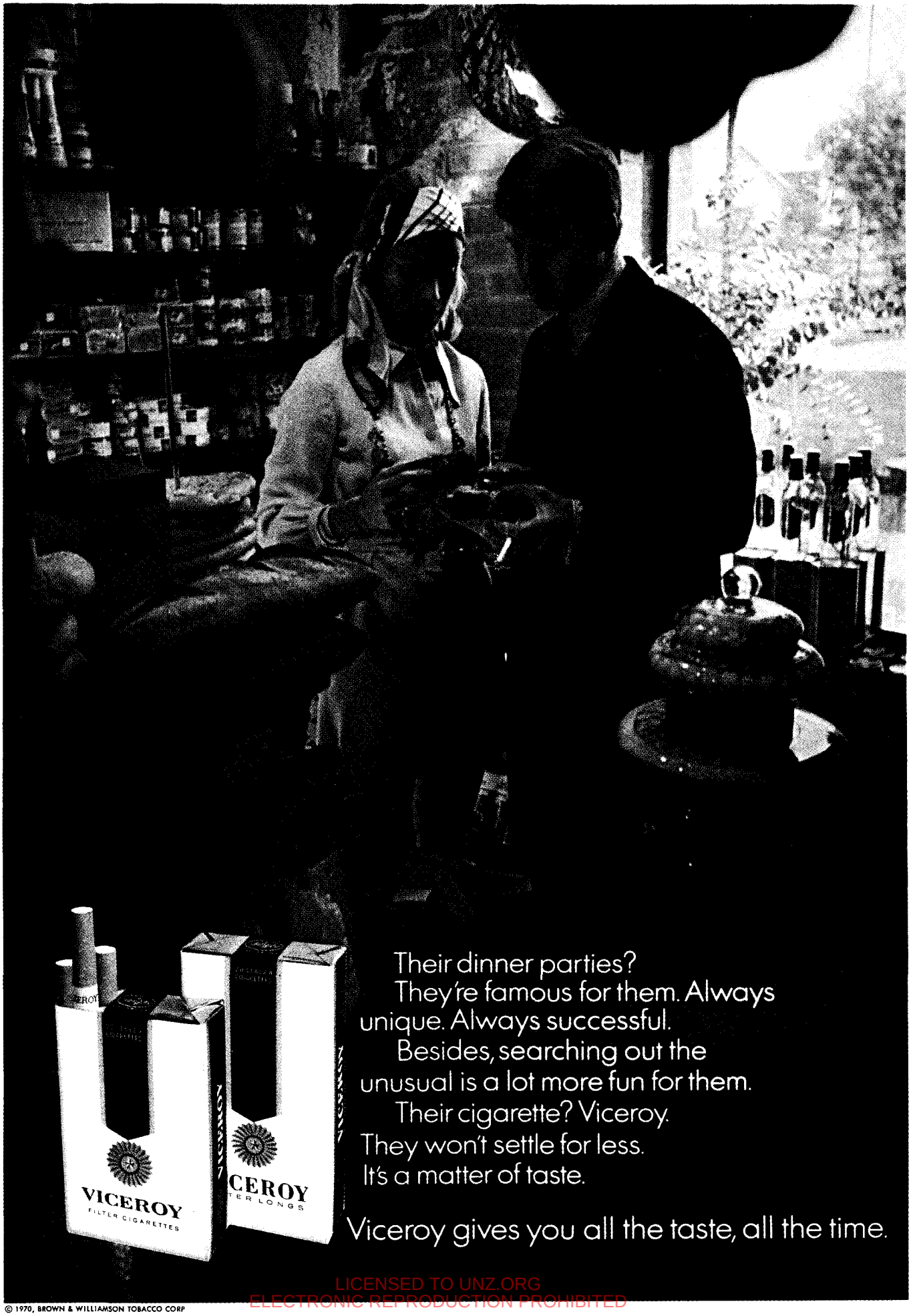
VICEROY
FILTER CIGARETTES
Their dinner parties?
They're famous for them. Always unique. Always successful.
Besides, searching out the unusual is a lot more fun for them.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.
Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

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